THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My Mary's Gane.

The lark may sing her bonny song,
In a' its pride the daisy blow;
An' simmer a' her joys prolong,
Ye canna sooth my breast o' woe;
Frae this fu' heart my Mary's gane,
Awa' to realms o' bliss above,
Wha solaced in the hour o' pain,
An spake wi' modest blush o' love.

Wi' angels she has gane to dwell,
Far frae this lan' o' toil an' care;
Wha sorrows tears a' cease to swell,
The ce a' beauty ever mair.
Why weep ye not ye blushing flow'rs,
Your guardian queen has closed her ee;
Why fade ye not ye bonny bow'rs,
An' mourn her loss alang wi' me.

Nae langer now ye lillies fair,
Will Mary press ye to her breast;
Her loss wi' me ye a maun share,
My Mary's gane awa to rest.
Ah, could the han' o' death hae spared,
The Mary frae the shrouded grave;
This humble heart to grief a' bared,
A brighter blessing could nae crave.

Wi' aching heart, an' bended knee,
Beside thy grave I'll mourn alane;
At mercy's front joy rest wi' thee,
Where Mary may we meet again.
The lark may sing her bonny song,
In a' its pride the daisy blow;
An' summer a' her joys prolong,
He canna sooth my breast o' woe.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Stanzas.

BY WILLIAM O. KINCAID.

My home is on the broad blue wave,
When moonbeams round it play!
All sparkling with the tears that lave,
The cheek of smiling May—
Whose murmurs, gentle as the song
Of streamlets, south winds waft along,
With joyous roundelay.

My home is in the green wood glen,
'Mong warblers wild and free—
And yet I love the tufted plain,
With the rude storm's revelry;
Nor can the lute's soft tones compare,
With such as find an echo where,
The wild winds mingle free.

My Home is on yon mountain's crest,
Where ling'ring sunbeams cling,
When the God of day sinks down to rest,
On Time's untiring wing.
Whilom the Herald of winter's gloom—
Now stooping low, to shade the tomb,
Of young and guileless Spring.

But oh! my Sweet Home's yon old oaken lawn,
When its flowers, so flushed and so fair,
Are weeping and blushing!—and twinkles the dawn,
Through the vines that are clustering there.

Glenmore, Lincoln county, Ky. July 1st, 1841.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Revenge of Piskaret.

By J. Milton Sanders.

AUTHOR OF "THE MIAMI VALLEY," ETC.

The full moon shone with a silvery lustre, perhaps not surpassed in Italy's transparent skies; and the blue vault alone was bespangled with myriads of glittering stars, which glared with a golden sparkle, contrasting beautifully with the pale white of the moon. It was a lovely evening. Nature appeared as if she had sunk into a deep repose, so silent was all around me. Not a sound reached my ear, but the low and plaintive notes of a whipper-will, which continued without intermission in that soft monotonous voice, whose music when once heard is never forgotten. The broad waters of the Chaspeken* were spread out before me, calmly rolling on their way for the great Mississippi—upon the broad bosom of which the rays of the moon danced, causing the waters to appear like fused silver. I threw down my gun, and seated myself upon the bank of the river. I was far away from human habitation, and was now perhaps upon a spot where no white man had ever trod. All around me was a dense and howling wilderness.

Here I sat and looked upon a scene in its native wildness—no axe had felled the tall oaks about me, which towered above my head for more than a hundred feet. I sat on a rock which rose some distance above, and jutted over the waters throwing its black shadow upon them, and contrasting beautifully with the silvery lustre with which the surrounding waters glared. It was in the middle of the month of July, and everything was in full bloom. The earth, even to the edge of the rock, was carpeted with wild flowers, which exhaled a delightful fragrance; at my side the wild-rose vine had nearly hidden a small tree with its beautiful pink flowers, which were in full bloom. Another vine of the same species had grown up near it, and not having a support for its frail weight, was hanging in festoons from the rock, its small white flowers sparkling in the moon's rays like dew drops. "Here," thought I, "is a paradise even richer than that one which the glowing imaginations of the Orientals have depicted. Here may the poet learn a lesson by looking upon such a lovely garden blushing in its own wildness—here is an oasis in a wilderness, which even the savage with all of his stoicism, would pause on his path to gaze upon." I looked far beyond the earth, to where the moon was sailing in the blue ether, and I wondered if the sky of Italy, with its thousand classical associations, could be brighter than this sky of an American wilderness. A stray cloud was sailing alone in the air, so high, that the beams of the departed sun, were yet dwelling upon it. The under part was of a pale crimson hue which imperceptibly shaded off, till a cerulean tint far brighter than any evening sky was alone visible. The upper part was silvered with the white light of the moon. That one cloud was all that I could see in the Heavens, which belonged to this earth—all the other bright objects that filled my eye were other spheres, and were fulfilling the mighty purposes of Him who placed them there; their unsteady rays barely reached my eye, presenting mere points of light in the far distance, or bright spangles in the sky.

For a long time I sat looking upon the various objects that were presented to my view. At last I turned my head, and beheld the tops of the tall oaks glowing with a deep red light—it was the reflection of a fire, which as it flared up or sank down, cast a deep shade, or a bright red light, upon the tree tops. I shouldered my gun, and advanced toward the fire with caution. The underwood was thick, and I made but slow progress, but by dint of indefatigable perseverance, I came in view of the fire, and discovered eight tawny forms sitting around it. I advanced toward them slowly, fearing they might not be of a friendly tribe, but discovering them to be so, I joined them. They were all old warriors—the youngest appeared to be not less than sixty years old—they were reposing silently around the fire, and one was recounting the perils and adventures of his mutable life. The others sat as motionless as so many statues—they did not stir even when I joined them, but turning their eyes to see who had arrived, they again fixed them on the speaker, nor moved them again until he ceased.

It was an interesting scene to witness eight aged patriarchs, who had gained their stock of wisdom from the great volumes which God has published for us—sitting together, and recounting their lives in the language which consist mostly in images of natural objects. The speaker had just finished as I arrived, and the old warriors simultaneously fixed their eyes upon an aged man whose scalp lock was white with time. He was the oldest of them all, yet his large bony form still gave indication of the herculean powers which he once possessed, and which had not yet entirely left him. His intellect retained still its vigor of youth, but mellowed with the deep experience of age. His stern features were deeply marked with care and hardships; his eye still retained its lustre, and the muscles of his frame were hardened by continual exertions till they were as tough as iron. He had seen well nigh a hundred years, and being the oldest person present, was listened to by the others with reverential attention.

The old man smoked his pipe in silence for some time after the others had given him their silent invitation to speak, and then taking it out of his mouth, he said, without raising his eyes from the fire—

"The oak grows up till it rears its head above the tops of the other trees, it ceases growing, and then it dies. The flowers bloom, and when they shall have bloomed their time, they wither and die. The fruit comes forth, and the winds of summer ripen it; and then it falls off, and is no more—they all have their time to die, but man's time to die is at any moment!"

The old man's bosom swelled, and he smoked for some time in silence—the others sat around as silent, for not one was so devoid of Indian courtesy as to interrupt his thoughts, before he had entirely ceased speaking:

"The little stream which flows down the mountain side, gathers strength as it advances. From a tiny stream it soon becomes a great creek, which carries in its headlong path great trees, and every thing that attempts to resist its course. From a creek it soon becomes a mighty river—its deep and angry waters nothing can resist; it sweeps every thing before it. But the farther man advances, the weaker he becomes, till at last when the weight of years is upon him, he is as the dried up bed of a river—showing that a deep strong current once flowed there, but has dried up."

After this prelude the old warrior smoked awhile to collect his thoughts, and then commenced his tale.

"Ninety and five times have I beheld the leaves bloom and fall upon the earth, and now I myself am like an oak stripped of its leaves—I have been deprived of my sap, for my winter has arrived, and it no longer flows in my body. Alone I stand, bared to the storms, and will soon like a dead oak have my heart eaten by worms. But be it so!—the oak must not grow too large, or its shade will prevent the younger trees from springing up. It must fall upon the ground to enrich it, that the young ones may derive nourishment to grow. The great oak bears its fruit, which ripens, and falls off and all is right. I too have borne my fruit; but a frost hit them when they were in the green, and they died. Had they lived what fruit they would have made me! The germ of a mighty warrior was in one. The panther's heart was not as large as his, and the eagle's eye would have quailed beneath the brightness of his own. The blood that coursed his veins, contained not a cowardly particle in it, for he was a warrior and would have been a chief. These woods would have heard his battle shout from one end to the other, and the pale faces would have trembled at the sound of his name. His war cry would have summoned a host of warriors, whose stout hearts would have gloried in following his footsteps. The bud of a warrior was in him, and it soon would have opened—a poison to the pale faces! He was a *panther*. A *fawn* followed him to the great hunting-ground of the dead. She was his sister; like a summer's sun she came and warmed our hearts, and then she disappeared. Her smile was like a summer's eve. All about her smiled too. All that was near her shone with the mild, the happy light of herself. Her laugh was like the first music of the birds in spring—inspiring joy and happiness; for all that heard her were filled with gladness, and they called her *Moyena*, or the bright bird which sings in the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. When those who were filled with sorrow mourned, she shone upon them, and they forgot their sorrow. If it is winter look forward for the spring.

"I built my wigwam in a valley surrounded by mountains, they stretched far back and above us, and were the garden of all the flowers which bloom. They all had clustered there together, as if they delighted in being near Moyena, who cultivated them with a parent's care; and the wild animals ran frightened away, for a bolder one was among them than themselves. It was Abaris my loved boy. But these things were as the bright shadows which fill our dreams. The dream has passed, and I have awakened. Look at the great rain-bow with its many beautiful dyes, and oh, how our hearts are gladdened as its beautiful colors dance before us—we almost imagine it the steps which lead up to the hunting-grounds of the Mighty Spirit! But those bright colors are born in storms, and storms haste them, or they will fade—look through its colors, and the dark forms of coming storms fill our eye. It was then with those bright colors of my early days—ah, they shone deceitful before me, and I did not look beyond them. I did not imagine that such vivid dyes could so soon fade; but thus it is—its charming red colors must not please our senses; but like the red war belt it prognosticates a coming struggle! I did not look through it, but like all young persons only upon it. I did not see the mad clouds that frowned beyond it. Moyena! ah yet, even yet a feint shade of thy brightness crosses my mind at the sound of thy name. The frosts of many winters have frozen this breast, still it warms at its music. The blood of many of thy destroyers have hardened this heart till I thought it had become as a wolf's, but yet it grows soft—even as a dove's which has lost its mate."

Here despite his efforts to appear composed, a large tear forced itself from his eye and rolled upon his cheek. He wiped it hastily away. "The wolf broke upon the fawn. Through many bright summers, the trees of that happy valley bloomed, and each new summer, fresh flowers responded to the tenderness of Moyena. The cold breezes could not reach our happy vale—the frost tarried on the hills, and but the warmth dwelt among us. Like a fawn, beautiful and slim, Moyena grew up, and the tenderness and brilliancy of the fawn's eye was strengthened in her own. The mountain stream and the flowery valley both worshipped her presence, when she came among them; the waters danced more musical on their rocky way, and the drooping flowers lifted their blushing faces, and breathed their most fragrant breath.—As the waters would sparkle on their golden path, her voice, like the first birds of the morning, would mingle with them, and the birds ever would cease their songs, and listen enraptured—the dove which mourned to its mate, and the great eagle with its terrific scream of defiance, would hearken to her voice, which the gray rocks sang back with joy.—And even the bold Adaris, would loosen his bow and stoop to look in her soft eyes, and listen to her voice.—His eye was as dark and powerful as the thunder cloud, which contains in its bosom the lightning—still it would soften when the mild eye of his sister beamed upon it—her gaze, as silvery as the moonbeams that reflected upon it, and the darkness would assume the exquisite dies of the reflecting sun—he would sit at her feet, the wild panther, as mute as a captive wolf.

"Many summers passed on—summers of contentment and love—the wolf's shrill howl, nor the panther's scream, nor the wild cat's moan, was heard in that valley—the storms passed from the top of the mountains over our homes, nor descended among us—the appalling war-cry was a stranger to our rocks, they had sung back but Moyena's song.

"It was a hot day in the midst of the budding season—the birds had sought the thick shade to be cool, and the beasts were lying beneath the great outspread arms of the oak. I walked up the mountain side, and looked down upon my happy valley, and I smiled ever as I looked, 'See here,' said I as I threw out my arms toward my wigwam, 'all this springs from my own exertions—had I not gladdened this spot with my home and my childhood, it would yet be a wilderness.' And with pride gathering on my brow, I proudly strode up the mountain side, glorying in my own works, and thanking the Great Spirit for the large share which he had made. The heat burst in drops from my forehead, and I lay down upon a bed of flowers, and looked up into the bright blue sky above me. There were no clouds, and but one object was visible,—it was a large eagle, with its broad wings spread out to the winds, and gazing with its unflinching eyes at the sun.—In broad curves it now swept the air, and looked proudly upon the earth far beneath him, it deigned to look *otherwise* upon that which it seldom touched. As I gazed, a light and imperceptible, mantle was thrown over me, and I dreamed—the great king bird still floated in the air;—the sky glowed with a golden hue, for the great father of day was wide awake on his throne, and the little lights had hid their forces;—the clouds had floated off from before his fiery eye, and its light danced upon every object. Suddenly the eagle cleft the air, and with a terrific scream, caught in his talons a smaller bird, and bearing it to the pinnacle of a towering rock, he tore its wings from its body, while its mournful cries reached my ears. The spoiler, spreading his wings, sailed from the rock, and was soon at my side.

"'Cold blooded murderer,' methought I exclaimed, 'with all the beauty of the rattle snake, you possess not his bravery!—Why do you glance upon one of a smaller specie than yourself, rather than combat your equal.' And the great eagle responded,—'because the Great Spirit made us thus; and we prey upon the weaker because they are our food, as you prey upon the deer. You ask why we do not prey upon our own species? Because, with all of his reason, we are superior to man, who does prey upon his own species.'

"'But reason,' answered I, 'is given to us, that we may praise the Great Spirit for the good he does us,—while you pilfer all your days without once returning thanks to him.'

"Methought the great bird interrupted me with a wild and angry scream. 'While we lack your boasted reason, we are free from the punishment which your pride brings upon you—even now you were boasting of having made this valley as lovely as it is, and the punishment of your arrogance has already arrived.' A deep noise, like the mad growl of the coming storm, burst upon my ear—and the earth upon which I lay, trembled like the leaves in a storm; while the eagle spread his great wings and sailed off. The veil was snatched from over my senses, and I awoke, and sprang to my feet. I cast my eyes to the sky, but all was as cloudless as ever—the eagle which I had seen in my dream still sailed there, with many a rapid swoop. I cast my eyes upon the valley, all was as beautiful as ever, but a pale blue smoke hung over my wigwam. The frail fawn which had grown up at Moyena's side, sprang terrified up the mountain, bleating with affright. I called it, and it sprang into my arms, trembling like a captive bird, and licking my hand, it looked into my face with its dark expressive eyes, and moaned aloud. A sound reached my ear—I turned my head, and beheld at the next moment a pale face start upon the rock some distance above my head,—his pale visage turned towards me,—he raised his gun, but before he could point it at me, I drove an arrow to his heart. He fell upon the rock; he grasped a jutting point—it broke loose, and my knife was in his breast.

"I strode for my wigwam, that I might call out my bold boy to hunt down the cursed race who had disturbed our peace. With rapid strides I descended the mountain—I came near the wigwam; 'The eagle has pounced upon the nest of the dove—seize thy bow, my bold boy, and drive it off. Hunt their track with the eyes of the lynx, while thy gentle sister warbles a song the Great Spirit for thy success.'

"I yelled the words with the force of a war song, but no voice answered my call.

"'What!' I cried, as a dark suspicion flashed across my mind, like an evil spirit, 'the panther has not become a wolf!—The warrior has not become a woman.—Ah! no! no!' I laughed—'the blood of a long race of warriors and of heroes flows in your veins—his heart is big—he is already upon their track with blood.'

"I walked around the wigwam—a smile of exultation was upon my face—I already imagined I could see my brave boy tracking the pale face, as the panther tracks his prey, waiting for an opportunity to pounce upon it. Now I thought his war cry was heard as he brought back the reeking scalp. I turned the corner of the wigwam, and my spirit was crushed. What a sight met my eye! My boy lay upon the earth; in his iron grasp he clutched the throat of a pale face, whose face was livid, those eyes had startled from their sockets, and who was dead. I rushed to my boy. The sun appeared to have withdrawn his bright light. The pure air had retired, the sky was dark. I was as weak as a squaw; and I sat on the earth, and covered my face with my hands, and thought that I still dreamed. I drew them from my eyes, but my boy still lay at my side. A golden thought crawled upon my brain. I sprang to my feet, and rushed into the wigwam. My blood flowed like fire through my veins. My child, my gentle Moyena, reclined against the side of the wigwam. 'She sleeps,' I said, and I walked to her—her skin appeared glowing with health, and her dark silken hair fell upon her neck, and her lips were parted as if they were about to utter 'father' But she did not speak; her eyes did not glow when I advanced; the color did not rush into her cheek; she did not arise to throw her arms around my neck; but silently she sat against the wigwam, and the darkness would not permit me to see if she smiled.

"'My bird, my Moyena,' I cried, 'arouse! the bold Adaris has left us, and gone far off to the grounds of the Great Spirit.—Thy brother! he has left us, and thou alone art remaining to sing the grief away from thy father's heart; speak! thy voice, my fawn, will calm my bursting heart.' I took her hand in mine. It was cold! I laid my hand on her cheek, but it did not burn with the fire of health—it too, was cold—*she was dead!* I rushed out to my boy, hoping a spark of light might yet be remaining. I stooped close to him. His teeth were firmly set. His lips were closely compressed, and his dark brow was drawn over his eye, which glistened in death like a dying panther's. His grasp could not be loosed,—it was stiff and cold. 'O, wake, wake,' I yelled, 'seize thy strong bow, and avenge the murder of thy sister—sing thy terrific war-cry, and hunt out the pale face.' And I sang the great war-cry, which often swelled his soul to fury, but he lay silent, no respond escaped him. *He too was dead!*

"My brain whirled—my heart grew cold—a thousand pale faces appeared to start up around me. I grasped my bow, but my heart became as ice, and I sank to sleep.

"I awoke, and the sun was returning to his great cave—the wolf had left his mountain and come into the valley, and his yell rang in my ears, as he snuffed the air around me. A panther with his eyes of fire, lay near me, and showing his white teeth, he hissed at me, till the cowardly wolves slunk away terrified, and then he fixed his gaze upon my boy. I was filled with fury. I drew my bow and drove an arrow into his head. I covered my face with my hands, and my heart heaved like an oak in a strong wind. I hid the sight from my eyes, and tried to forget it, but I could not—I saw it with my eyes shut. As I lay I heard a voice. I looked up, and an old warrior stood at my side—he gazed upon the scene, and wrath was depicted on his countenance. He was a great warrior; but he was old. Like the great bald-eagle, his heart never quailed, and his head was *white*, and his eyes would have frightened the panther, and because his heart could not know fear and his head was white, they called him the bald-eagle.

"He lifted me upon my feet, and placed a tomahawk in my grasp—he pointed to the sky and said, 'Curse the pale face! May the bitterest curse of the Great Spirit fall upon that race, and upon all that is his. May his own children be his most inverate enemies,—and may their gratitude be like the vipers—sting him to death for his goodness in nourishing them. May his sleep be a continual dream, in which his agony will be a thousand times greater than mine at present. May his days be passed in the racking torments of a coward in battle. No daughter to smile his pains to sleep.—No son to rouse his sinking spirits. May he wither before the light of the bright sun, even as a flower withers in the dark, and when he is dead, may he never enter the bright hunting grounds; but wander forever among the unhappy spirits. And may the Great Spirit give me and my brave brother here, strength to avenge the murder of my children, that we may in our anger, make our hearts bold by drinking the blood of their murderers. Curse the pale face.'

"'May all my brother has asked of Thee be granted, O our Father,' said the old warrior.

"And we crossed our knives, and we swore to spare no pale face—neither man, woman, nor child, till our vengeance was satiated. The next sun shone upon a high mound which contained the remains of my children. We built a fence around it, that the wolves might not pollute it with their cowardly feet, and then placing ourselves upon it with our faces to the rising sun, we sang the death song, and all things in that valley were sorrowful. The rocks echoed back the notes, as if they did not wish such mournful sounds among them. And the mountain stream which danced on its course, flowed silently along as if it too mourned with us,—and the flowers which blushed in the morning air, drooped their heads and died; and the bright valley was a desert. Long did our death song echo in the valley—the birds gathered around, they sat silently on the trees, nor stirred till the echoes had died away. Even the wolf with his serpent heart stood mute, till the mournful dirge had ceased. We lighted a great fire on the top of the mound, and we passed our weapons through the flames, that the blood of the game might be burnt off, before we polluted them with the blood of the pale face.

It was when the winds from the icy mountains had ceased to blow, and when the young leaves were shading the woods, and when the flowers were still locked in their buds, that we started for the dwelling of the pale face. Many suns' rose and set, and still we journeyed to the rising sun, and at last we reached a house of the pale face. It was a dark night—the black clouds looked down upon us, like the brow of an angry man, but they were not as dark as aurora's breasts. When the hurricane is silently concentrating all of its agents of destruction within its bosom, the silence is more intense, and it was thus with us. Its powerful breath, and its deep growling mutterings, and its leaping lightning, were equally strong in our breasts. But all was silent—with the stealthiness of the crouching wild cat, and with the eagerness of the famished wolf, when he sees the wounded buffalo within its hungry grasp—did we advance upon the wigwam of the pale face. No light was about, and the grim clouds at the rising sun threw the advancing sun's rays from them, and told us that daylight would soon arrive, and we crouched near till the light should enable us to pounce upon our prey. Cautiously did we advance till the wigwam rose at our side, and then we drew our tomahawks and looked at each other—the mighty storm was gathering upon our brows.

"Now we will have revenge," whispered the bald eagle through his clenched teeth. We drew our knives and silently brandished them over our heads. My blood boiled through my veins, and my heart throbbed with joy and eagerness to begin my revenge. "Morley the great spirit of the red man, we will soon pounce upon them. We will begin e'er—" but the old bald eagle was interrupted by the pale face's cursed dog which sprang out and howled a wild and frightful yell. We sang the great war song, and attacked the door, but it was fastened, and we could not force it. Like a rushing cataract we all bore against it, but it withstood our strength, and we commenced cutting through it with our tomahawks. But now the pale face was awake, and his gun hurled fire among us, and one of our warriors fell dead. We yelled with rage, and again charged the door, and again his deadly fire poured upon us and another of our young warriors fell dead. Curse the pale face and his evil inventions!

It was now bright daylight—three of our warriors lay dead, and the pale warrior still continued his fatal firing. We were mad with disappointment—we became furious at the sight of our dead brethren, and in a mass we again attacked the door, again the pale face's murderous weapon belched fire, and the wad from his weapon fell at my feet—It was on fire! I seized it with a yell of joy—I blew it into a flame, and soon the side of the wigwam was in flames. Oh, how we yelled the great war song, as we looked upon the blaze crawling over the roof like a snake! The fire spread rapidly, the whole roof was in a blaze, and we stood around with our bows drawn, ready to shoot down the first pale face who should come out. The blue smoke curled up into the sky like the writhing of a huge snake—the blazing pieces were hurled into the air, and the loud roar of the blaze—the shrieks of the pale face's women and children, and our own shrill war song, all mingled into one great sound, like the voice of the storm, and the cries of the wolves as they retreated before it.

The heat grew intense, and the pale faces could bear it no longer, but, bursting the door open, they issued out. There were two warriors, one of whom was a small man, but the other was a real warrior. We rushed upon them—they threw down their guns, and with a cool and steady desperation, they fought us with their tomahawks. The smallest one soon fell to the earth covered with wounds; but the big warrior wielded his weapon with giant energy. Thrice did he beat back our young warriors, and again did they throw themselves forward, till his strength gave way, and he was beaten to the ground, weltering in his blood, which had flowed down his body as he fought. But our attention was now directed in another way—five women, and four shrieking children now sprang from the house, and tried to make their escape. We were soon among them; and with our tomahawks we hewed them down, and heaped them in the flames. We now looked upon the bright blazing fire, which roared aloud as it ate up the pale face and his wives. We danced around the fire—we sang our liveliest songs, and made ourselves merry. As we sang, our young warriors espied a girl who had escaped us during the rush from the door, and by a rapid flight she tried to escape; but our young braves with a few bounds caught her in their arms, and brought her back and she stood among us. "She dies by the warrior whose family her cursed race murdered," said the Bald Eagle, and the warriors led her before me. The eyes of the snake glistens when he is about to strike his prey. The eyes of the wounded buffalo roll with the fire of rage, when he looks upon those who wounded him, but my eyes as I glared upon my victim, outshone them all. I clenched my teeth till they rattled like the starving hyena's, and I raised up my tomahawk, the bright blade glistened in the air, as the light of the burning house shone upon it; the handled quivered in my nervous grasp, and I summoned my strength for the fatal lick. She sank upon her knees—she cast her eyes imploringly to my face. Her lips were parted to speak, and even then the deep red blood rushed into her face as I tore away from her bosom its covering, and laid it bare.

"O! save me," she cried, "if you are a father, save a child!"

I grasped my weapon tighter, but the weapon did not fall! A warrior sang a loud and soul stirring war note. I cast my eyes on the ground and beheld the stiff features of one of our dead warriors. My soul swelled with fury, and I brandished my tomahawk over my head. She clasped my knees tighter. She looked with a steady determination in my eyes. She did not tremble—she did not weep. But with a dark eye full of fire, and her long shining hair falling upon her shoulders, she firmly awaited the stroke. A look, *a single look*, turned the eagle into a dove—the panther into a hare. It was but a single expression of her beautiful countenance in its firmness, but oh! it was a look which touched the depth of my heart, and the wound which I thought had long healed bled afresh. It was a look which brought back again the lovely scenes of other days.

"Moyena!" I exclaimed, as that peculiar expression of features caught my eye, and the tomahawk fell from my trembling grasp upon the ground, and turning to the warriors, my voice trembled upon their ears "Lo! I am not an eagle, but a dove which has found its long lost young," and I stooped and folded the kneeling girl to my heart. Tears burst from her eyes, and she wept as a young child. She sobbed like a dying fawn, while the bold warriors stood around with their dark and awful brows drawn over their eyes, and their lips curled down with an expression of deadly hatred, as they gazed at her. I arose. I drew my form to its heighth. I looked upon them with a fierce face, and they stood silently waiting to hear what I should say.

"Tear from the vine that, around which it clasps its tendrils for support, and it dies—it has nothing more to cling to, and it cannot grow alone.* Deprive the dove of its young, and the air is filled with her lamentations. She grows hungry, but she stirs not from the spot where her young last were, and she will there starve to death. Carry to her the young of another of her species, and she will nourish them as her own, and she eats and lives but for their sake. I am as that dove." The warriors looked at each other, the Bald Eagle started up, and seizing the terrified girl, he raised her from her knees. He laid his hand upon her head, and he called upon the Great Spirit to witness, while he swore to hold him as an enemy, who should harm a hair of her head, and he named her *Moyena*, and the bold warriors shook her by the hand, for she was now one of their blood. A crash, a roar of the flames, and the burning wigwam fell in—the black smoke rolled on high, mixed with fiery cinders and ashes, and the pale face, his big wigwam, his wives, and his children, were no more. But my revenge was not complete.

* * * * * * *

Many summers passed by, the trees cast off their leaves, and were replenished many times. The buffalo which ranged the plains, and the deer which filled the woods, and all the game, were driven off by the noisy guns of the pale face, and then when he had nothing else to shoot at, he began to shoot the red man. A bloody war began—warriors, and their women, and children, were murdered on both sides, but the pale faces became as many as the birds upon the trees.

Our young warriors panted to signalize themselves in the fight, as they listened to the tales of the pale face murders, they danced around the great war pole, and they recited their exploits, amidst the deafening yell of hundreds of voices, which recited the thrilling war words; and the old men met around the council fire. I stood among them. All eyes were upon me and I talked to them. I told them of the happy valley, and of the bold Adaris, and their eyes sparkled with rage—the young warriors started up, and brandished their tomahawks, and looked at the old men to be led to battle. An old chief then arose—he was a great warrior;—his giant arm had felled many of his enemies; his wigwam was adorned with as many scalps of his enemies. His war notes had pealed in the midst of the enemy, and their scalps hung to his belt, while they were about him, but even their guns could not conquer him. He arose, and that great body of warriors was silent, not a whisper could be heard, for all were eager to hear what the great warrior should recommend—his words were at the deliberation of a whole council, "Brothers listen. The great tomahawk of the pale face has been dug up, and already reburied in the blood of our people; his war cry has been heard on our grounds, and his noisy guns have driven off our game. This must not be, we must stop his march or he will be soon in our town. Let our warriors sharpen their knives."

The whole body sprang up, and rushed out of the house, our battle song echoed loud, and the big painted pole was erected before the council house, and the young braves danced till their hearts were made bold. We all dug up the tomahawk; we smoked the great war calumet, and painted our faces for battle. I thought of Adaris, I thought of Moyena, and my heart burnt with rage, and I swore a solemn oath to take the lives of six pale faces before I returned, or to die away from home.

We started to the rising sun. Seven bold warriors and myself preceded the main body some days, with our knives sharpened, and loaded with arrows. We marched rapidly, and soon reached the great hunting-grounds. The buffalo, and the bear, and the deer, leaped from our track. We did not tarry to kill them, but continued our march. We built no fire during the night, nor made a noise during the day, but we silently and rapidly walked, with our faces toward the rising sun. The second sun had risen, and threw its light upon the trees, and we again started on our journey. The old Bald Eagle, whose eyes were sharper than those of the Lynx, suddenly stopped and gazed ahead. He drew his tomahawk, and shook it over his head, as he cried—"We are in sight of the game."

We all looked and beheld a pale face. He was but a few leaps of a frightened deer before us; he beheld us, and throwing down his gun to hasten his speed, he ran for his life. We sprang after him with the flight of an arrow. He strained every nerve; but we gained upon him at every bound—he panted like a rundown deer, as he made his frail exertion to elude my grasp; for I was ahead of all, and but a leap behind him; but now I came closer to him; I cried out exultingly, as I raised my tomahawk to strike him, when a loud and stunning report made we stand still, and the blue smoke from the pale face's guns, rolled up from the bushes. I looked around, and two of our warriors lay dead, and a body of pale faces rushed out of the bushes. We had been deceived; we had been drawn into the snare by the flying pale faces. We saw that we had to fight, and we drew up in a body and met them. We came together like the rush of two mighty rivers, and mingled together in a desperate fight. It was life or death. Our numbers had been even, but now two of our warriors were dead, and *they* were two the stronger. The great Bald Eagle did wonders. He fought like a wolf that is penned up and cannot escape, but their cursed guns had laid him on the ground, and upon his body were piled our brave warriors who fell in striving to save his life. I thought of my oath, and I threw myself among them, resolving as I could not conquer, to die; but they did not shoot me,—they sprang upon me, and tied my hands and feet to the ground. I could not move my limbs—the cords cut through the flesh; but I did not feel the pain; for it had all rushed to my heart which ached, as I looked upon the dead body of the great Bald Eagle, and his sleeping warriors, whose happy fate I envied. I prayed to the great spirit that I too might die—that the pale face in his rage for the death of two of their warriors, who had been killed in the fight, might yet beat out my brains, but they did not. I shouted to them—I called them cowards—I called them *old women*; but they laid down their guns, and only scowled at me—they treated me like a woman, and not like a brave, and I was filled with indignation, and I now wished to live, I had something to live for—it was *revenge*—I determined to fulfil the oath which I had taken. I lay sullen, nor looked up, but watched for an opportunity to effect my purpose. Like the captive opossum, I lay as if asleep with fear, but my heart was bold, and I was wide awake. They started for the rising sun, and they drove me before them with curses and blows, but I offered no resistance. I trod my way in silence, for my time to retaliate had not yet arrived. Night came, and with it dark and threatening clouds, which spread over the sky, and threatened us with a storm—the red lightning flew from one black cloud to another, like angry runners from the great storm spirit commanding them soon to begin their watery battle, and the hoarse thunder rolled among them, jarring the earth, and the tall trees, which rose high above us. A deep and stunning noise, like the falling of a mountain, and the rain was loosened and poured upon us, and put out the bright fire which the pale faces had built. My heart beat with joy, the noise of the falling waters filled their ears, and they could not hear my sharp teeth rattling against the knotted cord which bound my wrists—like a starving wolf gnawing at a bone to keep from dying of hunger, did I tear with my teeth at that cord, but it was as hard as iron; it would not give and I despaired. It ceased raining—all was silent, and they could even hear me breathe. I dropped my hands and waited for daylight to die. Another deep explosion in the clouds, and again the rain fell like the breaking loose of a great river. I seized again the cord with a grip of desperation, and it slipped beneath my furious teeth. Another violent exertion, and my hands were loose. My bow was gone, but I still retained my tomahawk and knife—all around me was black with the night. I silently rose on my feet, and suddenly a bright flash of lightning rendered every thing brilliant, and the pale faces beheld me. They sprang to their feet, but with the fury of a panther when she has lost her young; I sprang upon the nearest man. I dashed my tomahawk into his head, and hurled him dead upon the ground, and yelling with joy, I sprang into the woods, and bounded off.

Morning came—the bright sun shone out, and every thing smiled; the birds sang, and were merry; and the young fawn skipped about its mother; but my breast was not happy; my revenge was not completed; my oath was not accomplished. I hung around the camp of the pale face, and as the hungry wolf follows the buffalo herd for their blood, so did I follow them. The day passed away, and I still stepped in their tracks. Night came from the east, and darkness settled upon every thing—I stealthily drew nearer their camp, and the pale faces were sitting around the fire. There were five left. The night passed on and they lay down to sleep, for they thought not of danger. They supposed that the red man had already run home, frightened like a deer. The fire had died away to coals, it was dark around them, and I crawled up close—they all slept soundly. One started up and pointed his gun where I was crouched; I yelled like a wolf, and he threw down his gun, cursed the wolf, and again slept. I crept close upon them, and gathering my strength, I sprang upon them, and my work was soon done. Before all could wake, I bathed my tomahawk in the blood of two warriors, and seizing my bow, which lay near the fire, I rushed into the woods, followed by three bullets, but they missed their aim. Their yells of rage sounded deep in the woods, but not so deep as my yell of exultation! I now had my bow—I took a circuitous route, and as the rising sun had begun faintly to dye the clouds, I again neared the camp. Two lay sleeping, but they had now became wise, for a sentinel sat wide awake, with his gun in his hand. With the stealthiness of the wild cat, I crept up, and as I neared the camp, a twig fell upon a dead leaf, and he looked up, and listened attentively. I shot an arrow into his brain—he sank upon the earth, and died without a groan. A sleeper raised his head, but he did not know what had happened, and again slept. O! the joy of that moment! But all was not yet done. I rushed to the fire and killed one of the sleepers, and the other, who slept like a lynx, sprang to his feet, and drew his knife. The fire blazed brightly, and we stood eyeing each other for a while in silence, and then like two mad buffaloes, we came together. He was a stout warrior, and he fought with fury. I thought of the old Bald Eagle, and of my sleeping family, and I grew stronger. I felt like a panther, and that the pale face was but a wild cat in my grasp. The blood flowed from my arms, and that maddened me. "The pale face is an old woman, I will seek a warrior to fight," I shouted.

"You are too weak even to fight an old woman, dog of an Indian," he yelled, and we cut at each other with fury. I dropped my knife and seized his arm, and we fought for his knife. It was a tremendous struggle! but the strength of the red warrior prevailed, and the pale face fell. The woods resounded with my joyous yells—*my revenge was complete—my oath was fulfilled!* * * *

The winters and the summers still flow by—many snows whitened the earth, and many times the leaves were scattered beneath the trees. The young warriors who had sung around the painted pole, were now aged, and had taken their seats around the council fire, and others had grown up, and taken *their* places at the dance. Old age was coming upon me, and I soon expected to be called to the great hunting-grounds, but I did not wish to die yet. There was a duty to be fulfilled, before I could open my arms and embrace death—and with every sun it grew stronger in my breast, till it became mighty. It was the desire again to behold the happy valley, and to sing my death song upon the mound of my brave boy and his gentle sister. I took my bow and started toward the rising sun. Many times had that valley bloomed since I had left it, with revenge raging in my heart, and now I wished to look upon it once more—again to behold my happy valley, smiling through its thousand bright flowers, even as I once looked upon the eyes of my Moyena, smiling through their bright tears. I wished again to behold the tall rocks, with their bold peaks, looking down upon the beautiful sight below them. To see once more the pale blue sky above them, which was more lovely from the reflection of the happy objects below!

It was a fine summer day, when I reached the declivity of the rocks—I had but to mount *them*, and the long-desired moment would arrive. Already I imagined the sky began to grow brighter, and the woods to appear greener. Flowers, with their fragrant breath, and their many glowing colors, bloomed around me; and my eyes were filled with the music of the bees, as they hummed from flower to flower, to kiss off their sweets. The birds of every color hopped from tree to tree, and warbled their sweetest notes. I looked up and an eagle soared high into the sky—it appeared to me as if it were the same bird which I had gazed at fifty summers back, as I lay looking at the sky on that fatal day. With a beating heart I mounted those high and craggy rocks. I felt as if I was again about to behold my bold boy, and to clasp to my heart his young sister; but I was only going to stand over their bones, to be near them once more before I left the earth.

With the agility of my younger days I mounted those rocks—one more bound and my eyes would be filled with the sight of my valley. I stood upon the top, and I staggered against the rock as I looked upon the terrible sight below. My brain grew weak, and I caught hold of a jutting crag, which I held with a nervous grasp. The whole valley was covered with the great wigwams of the pale face. Where was the mound that contained my children! It was gone, and on the spot where it had stood rose a great white wigwam. The smoke curled from the houses and filled the valley, and the bells of their cattle tinkled beneath my feet. I looked for the spot where the thousand gaudy flowers sprang up at the feet of Moyena; but they were gone, and a great black wigwam arose there, from which a rumbling sound issued, and from a tall chimney, the dark and noisome smoke curled and settled on the valley. I looked for my wigwam, but it too was gone—all had changed—instead of that stillness which reigned there, all was noise and bustle. The clatter and noise of the pale face's machines—the neighing of his horses—the barking of his dogs—and his own voice, deafened and puzzled my ears, till I could not hear straight. My heart swelled with grief, as I beheld these sights—my mounds was gone, and the bones of my children were cast upon the ground, or given to his dogs—curses upon the pale face! I was tired of living, and with an aching heart, I hurried down the mountain, and turned my steps toward the setting sun, I had nothing to live for. * * I have travelled many days, and am now thus far, and I shall continue my journey to where the sun sets behind the far mountains—where no pale face can find my path, and there I will lay down my head and die.

The old man finished, and rising, he drew his blanket close around him, and with a slow and feeble step, he again started for the setting sun. For some time after he had left us, his listeners sat immoveable, nor spoke a word.

Dayton, 1841.

* The Indian name for the Ohio river, but which has been abbreviated by the whites to its present name.

* There is a species of vine, which will not grow on the ground, but must cling to something to support it in a vertical position, before it will thrive.

Foreign Magazines.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Bye-Past Time.

The sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen,
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster builds its nest,
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight's dim and pensive hour;
The joyous year arrives; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again?

I think of childhood's glowing years—
How soft, how bright, the scene appears!
How calm, how cloudless, pass'd away
The long, long, summer holiday!
I may not muse—I must not dream—
Too beautiful these visions seem
For earth and mortal men; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again?

I think of sunny eyes so soft!
Too deeply felt, enjoyed too oft,
When through the bloomy fields I roved
With her, the earliest, dearest loved;
Around whose form I yet survey,
In thought, a bright celestial ray
To present scenes denied; and when
Shall bye-past times come back again!

Alas, the world at distance seen
Appear'd all blissful and serene,
An Eden, formed to tempt the foot,
With crystal streams and golden fruit;
That world, when tried and trod, is found
A rocky waste, a thorny ground!
We then revert to youth; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again! DELTA.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

The German Huntsman.

We started in the morning at seven o'clock, after a substantial breakfast, (according to Tom Cringle's advice,) that is, to stow the ground-tier dry with meat and other solids, and afterward taking a top-dressing of coffee, eggs, bread and butter, &c.—not forgetting to pouch the most considerable part of a cold hare, and a flask or so of kirchenwasser. Our track lay over a dense pine forest. After a tremendous fag of about two hours, wading up to our middle in snow, we reached the top. A glorious landscape now met our view. The Murgthal lay about a thousand feet immediately below us, and the Murg, which at other times was wont to roar and foam over its rocky bed, now glided silently through the snow, with its sides pinched up by the intensity of the weather, resembling a small inky stream. At a short distance was to be seen a little village; and the tiny tinkling of the church bell alone broke the stillness that reigned around. Mountain ridges, covered by the interminable pine forest, bounded the view. The air was sharp and bracing, and produced an exhilaration of spirits only to be felt on a mountain on a clear frosty day.

"Oh! the fresh morning, heaven's kind messenger."

On approaching a village we met a number of those specimens of womankind whom Lord Byron is pleased to call the

"Peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands that offer early flowers."

Now, poetical licence is a very good sort of thing in its way; but to a matter-of-fact-personage like myself the deep-blue eyes of these peasant girls bore a striking resemblance to those of a dead fish, glowering with lack-lustre gaze from beneath their hollow sockets; their appearance betokening severe labor and scanty rations. As for the hands that were supposed to offer early flowers, they were on the present occasion employed in dragging a mud-cart; and I can bear testimony that, although the fields might give promise of corn and wine, the poor creatures who cultivated them did not walk smiling over this paradise. I should say that their life appeared rather to resemble that of a London donkey. The female peasantry all along the banks of the Rhine, seem to be in a state of hopeless degradation.

Having put up at a small Wirthaus to drink a glass of wine, I took a survey of the "stube" in which we were ensconced. It was a low white-washed room, fitted with benches and stools; the walls were hung about with a few colored prints, and the eternal portraits of Leopold and Sophia, the Grossherzog and Grossherzogin, which are to be seen in every Gasthaus in Baden. These were interspersed with a few effusions, the general burthens of which were to the effect that the room of those persons who had no money in their pockets was more desirable than their company. Take a specimen.

"Hend cheer and welcome to each guest,
Whose pouch well-furnished is with pence!
You that can pay, here take your rest,
You that can't, go quickly hence."

Mine host was a remarkably kind and disinterested fellow, who seemed to think that no trouble was too great to relieve his guests from the trouble of acting for themselves. He invariably emptied the bottle into their glasses when he fancied they were too much fatigued to perform that operation for themselves; and then very good-naturedly refilled it from the tap; thereby saving them the trouble of ordering another, certainly a very considerate proceeding. He was a little man, with piercing grey eyes, and with an exceedingly sharp nose. His rib was the ugliest woman I had seen even in Germany,—and that is saying a great deal. She was the exact counterpart of the figure of the Lady in the Saque in an illustration to Sir Walter Scott's "Tapestried Chamber;" and when she grinned, which was often enough (for she was a good-natured old soul,) her face assumed an appearance bordering upon the diabolical, and such a one as I should by no means wish to see between my bed-curtains at midnight.

After leaving this house of entertainment for man and beast, a quarter of an hour's walk brought us to the domicile of our worthy friend, Sebastian Fritz, the jager. We found a party just preparing to start for the chase; and the previous walk of twelve miles not having at all damped our ardor, we resolved to accompany them. The party consisted of about a dozen; each man was provided with a rifle, a hunting-bag, and iron spikes in the heels of his boots; and the *cortege* was followed by two or three of those good-natured, ragged vagabonds, which the Germans call *taugenichts*, and the Scotch ne'er-do-weel, who are always ready to go on such expeditions to beat the bushes, and take care of the dogs, if it is only to delude themselves into the idea that they are doing a day's work. On the way I was very much struck by the beautiful appearance of the various waterfalls and watermills. They were all completely frozen, and looked like glass as they glittered in the sunbeams.

After beating about the mountain's side for two or three hours without success, we struck into the depth of the forest, and were stationed at different points by an old huntsman, who seemed to have his weather-eye up; and the before-mentioned "ne'er-do-weels," were despatched to beat the bushes. A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which the deepest stillness prevailed, with the exception of the faint baying of the dogs in the distance. The scene was sombre and gloomy in the extreme: we were surrounded on every hand by the black tannenbaumen which bent beneath the weight of snow which covered them, their stems cased in a thick rind of moss; several scattered over the rock, evidently overthrown by some recent tempest: added to which, the night began to fall, and the cold became intense. My ardor was fast cooling, for I was standing up to my middle in snow, when, hush!—whiz—bang—a shot was heard, a faint rustling, and in another moment a splendid roe-buck was seen plunging through the thicket; he staggered onward for a few paces, and then fell dead at my feet. What a picture for Landseer! The beautiful animal lay bleeding upon the snow, still graceful even in death, surrounded by the dogs, which crouched down as if guarding their prey; while a party of huntsmen were discussing weighty matters touching the animal's age, and congratulating the marksman, who was no other than the Sebastian himself. Suddenly another shot was heard in a distant part of the forest; but this was not attended by similar success. The buck was hit, however, and tracked by his blood till all traces were lost in a dense thicket. It was now high time to return; but it was first necessary to take some refreshment; and, spying at a little distance a blazing fire, which proceeded from the encampment of a party of charcoal-burners, we immediately joined them. The German huntsmen were hearty, good-humored fellows; but their enormous beards and mustachios gave them a wild, not to say ferocious aspect, not a little increased by the glare of the fire on their weather-beaten faces; altogether they would not have conveyed to the eye of an artist a bad idea of a band of robbers at their midnight carousals. "As hungry as a hunter" is a well-known proverb, and on this occasion it was sufficiently proved, bunches of cold meat, dried tongue, and ham, disappeared in an incredibly short space of time, washed down with proportionate quantities of spirits and Rhein wine: and as wine maketh the heart glad, certain members of the company related occasionally an anecdote or struck up a song.

"Och!" said Adolf Asall, "it was on such a night as this that my father shot the ——"

"Silence, fool!" roared Sebastian, "are we never to hear the last of that cursed story of your father shooting the seven poachers!"

"Shooting seven poachers!" exclaimed my friend; "I should very much like to hear that story."

"It is told in a few words," said Sebastian.—"The said poachers had committed numerous depredations in the forest, which were at length discovered by old Asall, and the seven rogues were heavily fined. For this they swore they would murder the old huntsman whenever they met him alone in the forest; and there is no doubt that they would have been as good as their word if he had not prevented them. On a certain evening he was out with his dog and gun near this very spot, and fell in with the rascals. He had only just time to dart into a thicket, when a volley of bullets whizzed about his ears. Knowing that he should never leave the forest alive if he did not take hasty measures, he immediately resolved to pick off every man of them; which he did, and there is an end of the story, which this knave would not have told in less than two hours. But," continued he, "if you have a mind for a good jolly story, old Peter von Kraft is your man."

The individual alluded to was the Grand Duke's principal huntsman in the district; to which occupation he added the somewhat incongruous one of tailor. He was also burgermaster of the village, and was altogether rather an important personage. He was a little man, with very odd small eyes, and seemed to have the faculty of looking two ways at once; he was reputed the best shot and the best story-teller in the neighborhood. After a good deal of persuasion, and a little coquetting, he was induced to relate the following, which we shall call

The Huntsman's Story.

"Some years ago there lived in the village of Eberstein, a farmer named Diederich von Raupp, who was tolerably well to do as the world went. He was a great favorite with everybody except his wife, who was the most terrible virago in the village, and thought she was entitled *ex officio* to make him as miserable as she could. In his turn, the good man thought that, as he could get no peace at home, he had an undoubted right to go where he could get it. This caused a great many domestic altercations, which were invariably terminated by Diederich marching off to the neighboring public-house, to make his mind happy over a bowl of mulled wine, and it was very curious that he generally found about half-a-dozen disinterested individuals, who lamented his domestic affliction, assisted him to drink his wine, and listen to his stories with the most devout attention.

"It so happened that the farmer had on a certain occasion some affairs to transact in Baden Baden; and in whatever way he might commence his business he always made a point of finishing it over a bowl of his favorite liquor, thereby fulfilling the very wholesome precept of making pleasure and business agree. He started homeward soon after mid-day, and trudged manfully over the pine-clad mountain which rises between Baden and Eberstein. Diederich was a firm believer in all sorts of supernatural lore, but he could not help thinking as he walked along that it was exceedingly strange what had become of those hosts of sprites and goblins with which every forest and ruin in Germany used to abound in the days of yore. Then whenever there happened to be an unusually heavy thunder storm on an unusually tempestuous night, it could not possibly proceed from any other cause than that the Black Huntsman was pursuing his wild sport through the air; and if at any time lights were seen, and strange noises heard, in any of the old castles, they must have been in consequence of the spirits of the departed barons holding their midnight revelry in those halls where they had formerly presided in the flesh. Latterly, however, these respectable personages had not been known to favor the longing eyes of mortals with a sight of their interesting visages. While pondering these matters in his mind, Diederich arrived at these conclusions, the top of the mountain, and the ruins of Baden Castle. Walking had produced weariness, and the heat of the weather thirst; he therefore betook himself to what had once been the court-yard of the castle, and seating himself in the shade, relieved the former, and appeased his thirst by application to a bottle. The old court-yard was now filled with pine trees, some of which grew out of the walls; on one side was a flight of steps leading to the keep, and on the other the Gothic windows of the large hall; beneath which was a comfortable-looking apartment, which evidently led to the dungeon. Diederich seated himself upon a fragment of stone near a port-hole, which commanded a view of Lichtenthal over the tops of the trees. He continued to lay the bottle under constant contribution, drinking all manner of toasts and sentiments. As all things must come to an end, so Diederich came to the bottom of his flask, and the last draught was devoted to his own peculiar honor and glory,—his noble self. In the height of his enthusiasm, and as an accompaniment to the cheering with which he honored the toast, he threw away the bottle, which, as it fell dashed to atoms on the rocks below, disturbed the meditations of a couple of owls that were reposing in their respective ivy-bushes. As, with a loud too-whooing, they flew into the forest, those might have been taken for the spirits of the place entering their protest against the profanation which had thus been offered where the loud *Acht hoch's* had resounded in days of old in honor of the fair, and noble, and knightly. Being of a thoughtful cast, as has been already shown, Diederich could not help recurring to those happy times when the banners of the Counts of Eberstein used to wave proudly over the battlements, and when a German nobleman could cut off one of the ears of his vassals for his morning's amusement without being obliged to resort to frivolous employment to pass away his time, as in the case now-a-days; and when, if he should be in want of a scarecrow, he could hang up a retainer without the least ceremony, thus saving a great deal of time in making an effigy; besides, it looked so much more natural that no bird in its sober senses would venture to approach it.

"At length Diederich began to doze, and in a few moments he fell into a profound sleep. How long he remained in this state it is impossible to say, but he was suddenly aroused by a loud blowing of horns, and a clashing and clattering of spears. He started up, and rubbed his eyes in astonishment. Every thing was changed: the court-yard appeared as it must have done in its most palmy days, and was filled with individuals clothed in antique hunting-dresses. Not wanting in courage, he boldly walked into the midst of the group to make some inquiries into the nature of their proceedings; but to his great wonderment no one took the least notice of him; they seemed to be quite unaware of his presence. Presently the whole party filed through a low archway, and, impelled by curiosity, Diederich followed them. They passed along a gallery hung round with helmets, spears, and cross-bows, and thence emerged into a large apartment ornamented all round with enormous antlers, with an inscription under each stating when, where, and by whom, the animal to which it had formerly belonged was shot. The new comers were welcomed by another party, who were carousing at a long table. Diederich could not help being struck by the appearance of a personage seated at the upper end of the festive board, the most prominent feature in whose face appeared to be his nose; in fact, the whole fire of his composition seemed to be concentrated in that remarkable organ, and the pallid color of the other parts of his face contrasted strongly with a pair of enormous black moustachios and beard. He was engaged in roaring a bacchanalian song while reclining gracefully, with one leg on the table, his right arm employed in flourishing a large goblet over his head, and the left in the most affectionate manner twined round the neck of the worthy who sat next him. One eye was closed in a very facetious way, and the other fixed with a comical sort of ferocity upon his neighbor; who, by the air of satisfaction which played about his features, and the bending of his head to the time, seemed to indicate that the sentiments contained in the song met with his entire approbation. Other parties were giving way to those little endearments which are invariably called forth at a time when man's best feelings are said to possess him. Indeed, the whole company were evidently following up the advice contained in the old song, which enjoins

"Now let them drynke till they nod and winke,
Even as goode fellowes shulde doe."

and there certainly did not appear to be the least danger that the present assemblage would

"Mysse to have the blisse
Good wine doth bring man to."

Diederich thought it was a queer business; but he had heard a great many queer stories, and naturally supposed that the time had arrived when he should figure as the hero of some wonderful adventure; but what puzzled him most was, that the company seemed perfectly unaware that there was a stranger among them. He learned, however, from the tenor of their conversation, that Bertha, the fair daughter of the Count Von Eberstein, was to be married on the morrow, and there would be a great banquet this night in honor of the bridegroom, who was expected every moment. Diederich had always considered that the Counts of Eberstein had been in their graves for centuries, and was revolving these incongruities in his mind, when the loud blast of a horn was heard. The bridegroom had arrived. All was bustle and activity. What a ringing of horses' hoofs was there! and what a clattering of swords and spears when the Baron Von Gurgelschneider and his followers rode into the court-yard! Such a display of beards and moustachios as none but a German baron's retainers could exhibit! But who shall describe the baron himself? He was an *interesting youth*, of between sixty and seventy, with a bald head, sharp, aquiline nose, and small grey eyes; and, if he had but little hair upon his head to boast of, the deficiency was amply made up by his large white whiskers, which were united with an equally large pair of moustachios of the same color, which added greatly to the general air of benevolence that played upon his features, and gave a peculiarly pleasing appearance to the expression of his upper lip; in a word, his *tout ensemble* was that of an ouran outang with his hair powdered.

"The great hall was prepared for the banquet. The old suits of armor, which were arranged in groups, together with battle-axes, spears, and other warlike weapons, between the painted glass windows, had been furbished up; and the banners waved from the gallery. The table groaned beneath the weight of the good cheer with which it was loaded. At the upper end was seated the Count himself, looking very lordly and ferocious. On his right hand were the bride and bridegroom, and the whole of the dais was occupied by knights and ladies. At the lower end sat the retainers, according to the good old custom; who, if their fare was not quite so delicate, seemed to enjoy it quite as much, which was the hauptsache. Soon after the repast was finished the ladies thought it time to retire, and the fun became fast and furious; heads began to droop, and bodies to disappear in the most mysterious way. If the table had been previously groaning beneath the weight of good things, it was by no means to be compared with the groaning that was now heard under the table, where numerous boars, bears, and fatted calves were reposing after having thrown their various loads and cares together with themselves upon the bosom of their mother earth. The Count and the Baron, however, maintained their respective positions manfully; the former was reclining in an easy attitude, with one leg over the back of his chair, bidding defiance to the ills of life; and the latter, while he expressed peace and good will to all men, was engaged in pouring the contents of a wine flagon over the knowledge box of a neighbor who had fallen asleep with his head on the table, fancying in the innocence of his heart that he was filling his goblet. It was at this stage of the proceeding that Diederich caught the eye of an arch-looking little waiting-maid, who was telegraphing in the doorway, and evidently was beckoning him to follow her. Glad enough to be taken notice of at last, he followed the footsteps of the damsel to the private room of the youthful bride, whom he found bathed in tears, and with a handkerchief to her eyes, sobbing most mournfully; she informed Diederich how she could not endure the Baron Ernst von Gurgelschneider, but had agreed to marry him from fear of her father, and nevertheless would rather die than submit to the embraces of such an

old moments. Diedrich assured her that she was perfectly right; indeed, if she acted otherwise it would be without precedent, and he further agreed to do all in his power to assist her escape. The lady Bertha was all smiles and [illegible]; and Diedrich, who had never been any the better of a lovely lady, soon began to forget his vintage of a wife. [illegible] were [illegible], and Bertha, having packed up all her valuables, made her way with Diedrich towards the postern, which they opened softly; no sooner, however, had they safely passed it, as they fancied, than they found themselves locked in the grasp of two stout retainers, while the Count and the Baron were close by the side of them in a high state of excitement.

"'Hurl me this rascal from the highest battlement,' roared the Count von Ebersteen. 'Or rather stop. Summon the headsman; the villain's head will make an excellent scarecrow.'

"'Pardon me, my Lord,' said the Baron; 'we must not be too hard upon the amour propre; besides, I cannot bear the unnecessary shedding of blood. It affects my nerves. We must temper justice with mercy. Pray, is there such a thing as a well in the neighborhood?'

"'To be sure there is, in one of the dungeons,' replied the Count; 'I pitched Rudolph Hirchendinger into it the other day for presuming to spear a wild boar before I came up to give him orders.'

"'Then suppose we pitch this scoundrel in, to keep him company,' replied the Baron. 'It will be more comfortable to his feelings, and it will be over before he is aware of it,' and he smiled benevolently at the culprit.

"'Ah!' said the Count, 'you are a great deal too good-natured.'

"'I am aware of it,' said the Baron, 'but it is an amiable weakness, you know.'

"'An amiable fiddlestick's end!' said the Count. 'If I had my will he should be rent by wild horses. But, thank God! I have no amiable weakness. Do what you will with him.'

"Poor Diedrich wished the baron and his good nature at the bottom of the Mummel sea,—if, indeed, there is any bottom to it; but he was determined to bear his fate like a man, and comforted himself with the idea that at all events he should never be troubled again by his wife, and that was no small consolation. But, when he was led into the noisome dungeon, he not only began to feel cold and damp himself, but his courage was considerably damped also, and when he found himself hanging over the mouth of the well, he fairly shrieked with horror.

"'Down with him!' roared the Count, and down he went, losing his senses for a few moments; and, when he recovered, he found himself lying in a large puddle by the side of the rock upon which he had sat when he took his dose. It was a tremendous night; the lightning was glanced in the sky, and the rain pouring down in torrents, he was wet to the skin, and shivered with cold; but that was better than being at the bottom of a well. He made a hasty retreat homeward, being afraid to look back, for fears of seeing the benevolent countenance of the Baron Ernest von Gorgelschneider. There were some presumptuous wife among the number—who ventured to hint that he had been drinking too much, and had been dreaming; but as this never failed to put him in a towering passion, and as he was never known to suffer any man to drink out of his [illegible] who disputed his veracity, it is astonishing how soon universal credence was given to the wonderful history of Diedrich von Raupp.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for July.

Forty-One Tons of Indigo,
Or, the Careful Dealer.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RATLIN THE REEFER," "THE OLD COMMODORE," "JACK ASHORE," &c.

Let us begin with a maxim. Though such a commencement may a little startle the mere amusement seeker, we must disregard his very natural fear of being instructed for the sake of the imparting air that it gives to the article. "In matters of business, if you can help it, as far as possible never commit yourself by speaking first, and on no account commit yourself by speaking hastily."

We have propounded our opinion, and we now proceed to prove its value by the narrative of a fact, which, should it read a little like a tale, we shall not be sorry for, but merely plume ourselves upon the attractive manner in which we have related it. It is not our fault if we be naturally eloquent. But this will not make us vain, for we have much greater sins than eloquence to answer for.

Men with linen aprons before them have sometimes very creditable feelings, and a coat out at the elbows may often be buttoned over a generous breast. It may be even suspected that maidens with serge gowns on their backs may have their susceptibilities, though I know these latter have been shamefully monopolized by young ladies who are veterans to the excitement of elegant fiction.

If the above propositions can be tolerated by the reader, let him read on, and know that the hero of this little moral sketch was a douce and canny Scot, making up, by their great variety, for the limited extent of his dealings. He was a chapman in a promiscuous line. In fact—why should we attempt to disguise the truth?—he kept what in London would be called a chandler's shop. He condescended, merely for the convenience of his immediate neighbors, to sell candles so low as a farthing a piece—indeed he would, for the nonce, furnish light so attenuated that you might purchase two for a farthing, and yet he had small beer in his emporium more attenuated still. He also sold dyeing materials, among which I might have classed his small ale, and he had cerulean indicators to set off against a halfpenny's worth of salt, bottles against two sheets of parliament cake for a bawbee, and indigo by the pound against snuff by the half ounce.

Indeed, our trustworthy friend, Donald M'Grie, had no small pride in his shop; and the street in which he lived in the gude auld town of Aberdeen, had just as much pride in Donald. Really Donald was a safe chiel: he kept his accounts accurately, both with God and man, for he was as punctual at kirk as in his payments, and as he allowed no long scores with his neighbors, he took care never to run largely in debt by crimes of omission, which must be some day settled before a tribunal so awful.

Having thus sufficiently described Donald's circumstances, we must now proceed to narrate the first grand step that he made toward acquiring the splendid fortune that he so well deserved, and lived so long to enjoy.

He was out of indigo; that is to say, all the indigo that he lately had, had gone out from his warehouse by driblets. Thereupon he writes a letter to the house in London, a drysalter's in the most extensive line of business, ordering "forty-one puns weight of indigo," stating, at the same time, that if there was not a vessel, they must "get one." Such were the exact words he used.

Now, at the time this occurred, communication between Aberdeen and London was rare, and, at furthest, four times in the year was the utmost extent that Donald M'Grie and his wholesale dealers addressed each other. These latter were very much surprised at the extent of the order, and the reader will not wonder at it when he is informed that they never could suppose for a moment that a vessel could be ordered on purpose to carry forty-one pounds of indigo; so, after much scrutiny of the very hieroglyphical marks of M'Grie, all the heads of the firm took it firmly into their said heads that their correspondent had fairly written for forty-one tons.

They knew but very little of the man, and of the nature and extent of his business; all, however, that they did know was most satisfactory; they had done business with him for nearly twenty years, and had, during all that time, been extremely well pleased with the punctuality of his payments, added to which, they had heard that he was wealthy. Upon all these grounds, they, without hesitation, executed the order; but, as they had not any thing like the quantity on hand, they were themselves forced to become purchasers, in order to fulfil the commission. Having collected the quantity that they supposed that Donald had specified, they shipped it for Aberdeen, sending with it an invoice, and also a bill of lading by post.

When M'Grie received this precious bill of lading his astonishment was at once ludicrous and stupendous. At length, in order to give himself a little mental relief, he determined to set it down as a hoax, for, said he, "What on earth can the people of London mean by sending me forty-one tons of indigo!" It was more than sufficient, with the then consumption, to supply Aberdeen for a gude Scotch generation—twenty-one years. However, his prudence still prevailed over every other operation of his mind.

Like a canny Scot, he kept his perplexity to himself, for nothing was farther from his thoughts than to run hither and thither with his mouth open, and the letter in his hand, in order to tell his tale of wonder, and excite the stupid exclamations of his neighbors. Notwithstanding this stoical conduct, he could not so far command his deportment, but that those about him remarked a definite, though a mysterious, change in his whole man. He was nearly silent; but the activity of his feet made up for the idleness of his tongue. He was fidgetty, repeatedly leaving his shop without any conceivable reason, and then returning to it hastily on the same rational grounds. For once in his life, his neighbors thought that wily Donald did not very well know what he was about.

In the midst of this agitation, time and tide, which wait for no man, brought the vessel that bore the indigo to Aberdeen. It would seem that, in order to quicken Donald's apprehension, she had an extraordinary quick passage. No sooner was she moored, than the captain hastened to find the merchant to whom this large and valuable cargo was consigned. Having gone previously to the very first merchants, he by nice gradations, at length arrived at the little shop of the actual consignee, honest Donald M'Grie. Indeed, the skipper was as much astonished at the minuteness of the warehouse as M'Grie had been at the magnitude of his cargo, for that warehouse, had it contained nothing else, would not have held the one-fifth part of the consignment.

After the few first introductory sentences, that made each aware of what was their mutual business, the captain became convinced that all was right from the quiet conduct of Donald, who betrayed neither emotion nor surprise, though at the same time his very heart was melting within him, as melts an exposed rushlight on a broiling summer's day.

"And noo, sir, ye'll be sure ye a' brought the tottle of the forty-one tons. A bugeous quantity, eh, sir! And did ye ever ken sae ony one man hae sae muckle before?"

"Never, Mr. M'Grie, never. Why sir, do you know that the difficulty of getting all the indigo together had an effect on the market. It was full three farthings the pound dearer on 'Change the very day I left London."

"O, ay—purely. It was—was it! Now I'll just put ye ane case—not that it is o' the slightest consequence, but merely to satisfy my conjecture—supposing, noo, ye had all this indigo, what would ye just do wi' it?"

"Why," said the skipper, "I should not have bought it unless I wanted it; and if I had wanted it, I should have known what to do with it. That is, Mr. M'Grie, precisely your case."

"Ah weel, my man, but you're an unco cannie chiel. Do ye no ken whether his present majesty, may God bless him, also gaed to make the volunteer holiday wear blue cockades—blue is a pure standing color."

"Why, I don't know—I've some regret at that rate any holiday. So what with your huge demand, and other [illegible], [illegible] is going up. But my time is precious. Here's your bill of lading, so just sign my papers, all right—and where shall I discharge the cargo?"

"Don't fash yoursel, there's nae hurry. I'll just speak to twa or three of my acquaintance, and let you know on the morrow, or aiblins the next day after. I may hae to send to Edinburgh anent the matter."

"Ah, yes, I understand, a joint consignment. It won't prove a bad speculation, I'm thinking. Morning, morning, Mr. M'Grie."

So away trudged the skipper, leaving the owner of such indigo in a state of doleful perplexity, such as ought not to befal any honest man. All that night he kept exclaiming, "Gude Lord, gude Lord, what shall I do with all this indigo? No, no, Donald will not commit himself. But it's a mickle heap."

Very early was Donald abroad the next morning, inquiring of every body all the possible uses to which indigo could be put. He got but very little satisfaction on this point. He began himself to look dark blue. He had almost resolved upon a journey to London, awful as it appeared to him, to have this mistake explained, but he still resolved to wait a little, and to do nothing in a hurry.

The next thing that happened to Donald, with his forty-one tons of dye, was his sad reflections when an old woman came and bought of him one farthing's worth of stone blue.

"Had ye na better try indigo, my gude frien'?" says Donald to the old washerwoman quite pawkily.

"And what think ye, gude man M'Grie, I'll be doing with indigo in the suds? Oot awa, man, but yer gaffing a puir old body." So off the old lady trudged with a damaged temper.

"Had I but sold a farthing's worth o' this damned indigo, 'twould have been a beginning. Had the auld washer bodies hae taken to it! and every little helps."

About this time, as the skipper who had just brought the indigo was just passing the principal inn of Aberdeen, he observed a postchaise and four, with the horses all foam, stop with a most imposing jerk at the door, and the managing and confidential clerk of the firm of Hubbens, Hobbins, & Robins, the eminent drysalters. The clerk almost flew into the arms of the skipper, and with breathless eagerness asked him if he had delivered the indigo to Donald M'Grie?

"No. It is still in the vessel, but he has the manifest and the bill of sale."

"Then the property is now vested in him?"

"As securely as the hair upon your own head is your own property. He seems cautious, even for a Scotchman."

"Is he in a large line of business?"

"I can't really say that. We should call his place of trade nothing better than a chandler's shop in London. But they manage things in another guess way here."

"What can he possibly want with this indigo? He has actually drained the market, and we have just received advices that all the crops of indigo have failed in the West Indies. There is also a large demand for it from government, and it is now actually worth its weight in gold."

"You don't say so. Why, he was saying something like it. No doubt but that some West Indiaman has made the run by herself, and reached this place without waiting for convoy, and brought the news of the failure of the crops. Besides, he talked largely about his correspondents."

"And I am losing all this precious time! Where does he live? I know nothing about the place."

"I will go with you, if you choose. I should like to see how the douce Scot manages it."

"No, good captain. Just show me the door. If I prosper, you will just have to take the stuff back to London."

"So I thought. But mind your bearings and distance with M'Grie. He is an over-cautious tradesman."

It had been a dull morning with Donald. He had sold a little snuff and a little sand, a little cheese, and a half-score of ballads for a half-penny, but not a particle of indigo, and no more stone or powered blue. He was never known to give such short weight. He had wrangled awfully with his few customers, and was, altogether, in a very misty humor.

"I would just gie twa punds Scotch to get out of this scrape, and some odd siller over;" and as he thus exclaimed aloud, he struck the pound of butter that he was making up with his wooden paddles a blow so spiteful, that it resounded like the report of a pistol.

At this moment the clerk entered. He paused for a space just within the threshold, scornfully surveyed the shop and its contents, looked with an air that was not far short of contempt on its proprietor, and immediately settled in his mind his plan of action. He was something of the petit maitre, so he placed his white cambric handkerchief before his nose and mouth, and then jerking it away, exclaimed "Faugh!" taking from his waistcoat pocket a smelling-bottle, which, like Shakspeare's popinjay,

"Ever and anon he gave to his nose,
And took 't away again."

But it was Donald who,

"Being angry when it next came there,
Took it in snuff."

"What would ye please to buy, honest man?" said Donald pettishly.

"Buy, my good fellow, buy! Does any one ever buy anything here? You will pardon me, but the stench is intolerable."

"Ye fause young callant! Here be naething but wholesome smells, such as sic puir thread-paper bodies as yoursel might grow sleek upon. An ye no like the odor, healthfu' as it be, twist round yer ugly snout, and there lies the doorway. So tramp, ye ne'er-do-weel."

"Pardon me. I am sure, sir, that I did not come to quarrel with you, but merely to rectify a mistake. I believe I am speaking to Mr. M'Grie—Mr. Donald M'Grie?"

"Ye dinna' kee noo," said Donald, very moodily.

"I wish to release you from a great deal of uneasiness, in making right this little mistake of yours."

"And pray where may ye be come from?"

"London, Mr. M'Grie, the centre of the arts, the seat of sovereignty, the emporium of the world—but that is nothing here nor there—I come from London, Mr. M'Grie."

"And how might ye a' made this long journey? Aiblins by the slow waggon?"

"It is you that is slow, my good sir," said the clerk, flourishing his handkerchief tastefully. "Chaise and four—spanked along—astonished the natives—never lost a moment, I assure you."

"Ye'll be making a long stay, nae doubt, in bonny Aberdeen?"

"Not a moment after I've rectified this little mistake. Southward ho! That's the word!"

"So," thought Donald, "this spruce young chap is come, I'm sure, about the indigo. I'll save my two punds Scots and the odd siller. He did not travel post for nothing. I shall be clear of my bargain free. But let us not be in a hurry."

"Ye are come to Aberdeen about the indigo, doubtless?" said Donald, after a pause, and very deliberately.

"Yes. My principals feel sure that you have made a trifling mistake in the amount of your order; so, to relieve your anxiety, they have sent me down to you, to say that they are willing to take the indigo back, and release you from your bargain, provided that you will pay the expense of the freight—and a very generous offer it is, I can tell you."

"I am sure that I am over obliged to the gude gentlemen. But pray, sir, who may ye be yer ainsel'? A modest young man, nae doubt, but humble—yer preferment's all to come. One would just like to know whom one is treating wi'—some junior clerk, or, perhaps, one of the warehousemen!—surely ye no be one of the porters?"

Very indignant indeed was the fop at these degrading conjectures. With much hauteur he exclaimed, "I must acquaint you that I am the confidential principal and managing director of the firm's vast mercantile operations; that I am a near relation of Mr. Hubbens, the head of the firm; and that I have full power and authority to do just what I please in this, as in every other transaction. My name, sir, is Daniel Hubbens, at your service. What do you say to my offer?"

"I should like to glance at your authority—no offence."

Mr. Daniel Hubbens was offended, however; but, finding the Scotchman firm, he was obliged to give him the necessary vouchers that he was empowered to treat with him for a re-sale of the merchandise. The examination of this document still further opened the mental eyes of M'Grie to the value of his late purchase, and he consequently became more dogged and consequential.

Mr. Hubbens, perceiving the turn that affairs were likely to take, and that he had a difficult task to perform, at once altered the loftiness of his manner, and said,

"Well, well, my dear sir, the fact is, you have long bought from us. I wish now to see if we, our very respectable firm, cannot purchase from you. So come down to my inn, and we'll talk the matter over the bottle of the best you can call for."

"Ou, there's nae occasion; just say a' here."

"No, no, my dear sir; come with me you must. I am very tired, and the best supper that Aberdeen can produce is providing for us two."

"Sae ye are prepared for me. I understand. Ye would na hae ta'en all this troublous wark for little. I'll awa with you, my man."

And away they both went; in the short journey to the inn Donald cogitating on the utmost that he should ask for the re-sale of the indigo, and the managing clerk endeavoring to divert his thoughts from the value of the goods in his possession.

The supper and its accessories were the best that ever fell to the lot of Donald to share; but he was prudent, and the clerk gained no advantage through the means of his lavish expenditure of choice wines, so, after many flourishes, and much circumlocution, he was forced to put the plain question to his guest, "What will you take to pass your cargo of indigo back to our firm?"

"Troth, Mr. Hubbens, I'm at a loss a bit. What will ye gie, truly?"

"Why, Mr. M'Grie, the fact is, we have received a very unexpected order for the article, and our people have empowered me to come to Aberdeen and offer you a thousand pounds to return the cargo just as you got it. There is a glorious chance for you! A thousand pounds! Don't you feel yourself in heaven?"

"No, no; I'm better advised than that comes to. I dinna buy the mickle lot but upon sound calculations. I have friends, sir, friends who have the first intelligence."

It is as I suspected, thought the clerk; he has had the first news of the general failure of the crops.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. M'Grie—it is a bold step, but I'll take it upon myself to double the offer. Two thousand, sir, two thousand! Hey!"

"Indeed no, my man. I can make mair o't than that."

"Well, I won't let you keep it," said the youngster, with an air of well-affected indifference.

"Weel, weel, young sir, here's to yer verra gude health, and a pleasant journey back again."

"Thank you, sir. May the indigo prosper with you!"

They drank two glasses of wine each in silence. The mortification of Hubbens could not be concealed, whilst M'Grie's visage represented content carved out in stone.

After a considerable pause, the clerk lost his temper entirely—his patience had long gone before it—and he resumed the attack upon the impenetrable Donald. At length the would-be purchaser, not at all liking the present and the shame of an unsuccessful journey back to his principals, in a fit of desperation pulled out his private instructions, and said, "Here, read that, obstinate man of iron that you are. Just so far am I permitted to go, and no farther."

M'Grie read very deliberately that his host was empowered to offer him the freight both ways, and four thousand pounds.

"It is driving me hard," said Donald; "but as you are an unco pretty young man, and me to fash you with your employers, gude sooth, I'll just consent. And to show ye that I can be liberal too, why, since ye hae settled the reckoning, I'll stand a pint of Glenlivet anent the two of us."

After this, the transaction was immediately wound up, and the money paid down.

Donald M'Grie took this accession of fortune coolly and temperately. He reflected that such make a thousand unlucky for one lucky mistake, and that cargoes of indigo don't always quadruple themselves in price when bought by mistake. Reflecting upon all this, he resolved at this, the proper season, to retire from business. So he made over his stock in trade and his house to his nephew—for a consideration, of course—and bought the lands of C—— C——, which said estate is, at this moment, worth five times the money paid for it.

We have made out our case, and that by the means of no fiction. It well exemplifies our moral, "In matters of moment, never speak first, and never speak hastily." In the lives of the most unfortunate among us, many lucky opportunities occur. It is neither the learned nor the clever who know best how to seize them, and to turn them to the most advantage. This faculty belongs to the prudent. Had Donald M'Grie spoken first, and spoken the wish of his heart, he would have said, "Pray take fifty pounds, and release me from my bargain." He held his tongue until it was the proper time to speak, and thus realized a handsome independence for himself and for his children.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unencumbered by *back balances*. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

☞ The Germantown Telegraph has a *remarkably* sensible abstract of the foreign news, by the Caledonia. So much for the "*doctrine of instruction*."

☞ P. Shepherd, Esq. is a travelling agent for the Post and Graham's Magazine, in New England, and we cordially commend him.

Our Sanctum.

Here we are, pent up in a place about eight feet square, the air as hot as a furnace, thermometer at ninety-five, people all out of town, and business at a stand-still. Most of our cotemporaries, have thrown down pen in disdain, and are now rolling in the surf at the Shore, whizzing along in rail-road cars away from the stifling heat of the city, or coolly writing letters to their "old arm chairs," from some quiet secluded nook, in our own sweet Pennsylvania. We would give a guinea now, just to have a gaze at Wyoming, and to feel the cool breeze from the distant hills, to lay under some old oak and hear the hum of bees and the chirping of birds,—But here we are,—not a breath of air, mid walls of brick and mortar, and worse than all—the eternal steam-power of our otherwise, delightful and highly appreciated neighbors—*the penny papers*, thundering in our ears.

Ah! these penny paper fellows, are sorry dogs, to unhinge the regular business habits of the drowsy editors of the respectable sixpennies. What with "extras," "expresses," "latest news," getting up steam, and the hurly-burly among news-boys, they keep all things agog, and if even a poor fellow, amid all the uproar and competition, has a mind to be dozy, the eternal rattle and clatter of presses pushing at the rate of five thousand an hour, drive all thoughts of peace and quietness out of his head.

"Ah," said a friend the other day, "these penny papers are making all the money."

"Don't know, whether they are or not," was the rejoinder, "but they make an infernal noise."

It is a relief, however, to see things moving, and to have a little uproar to relieve surrounding dulness. But we weekly chaps take things more coolly. If the mails bring no news, we very quietly appropriate it, and make no bluster about it. If we feel it too burdensome in hot weather to be turning over musty papers, seeking with the fumes of the mail-bag, we are content to plunder the fruit after it is shaken from the tree, confident that it is all the better for being a little mellow. We abominate your news hastily hatched; foreign or domestic. It is no more fit for digestion, than a chicken that has just kicked the shell from its back. It is like whipped cream before the froth has been blown off,—we had rather wait and see what we are gulping down. At the present writing, nothing in the shape of news is to be had, at any price. Nothing exciting. Ha! what is this? Our friend Harnden with the foreign news, and magazines by the Caledonia. Here's a feast!

War Steamers.

Since the publication of the report of Mr. King, of the House of Representatives, on the subject of a Home Squadron, public attention seems to be earnestly directed toward the matter. The New York Journal of Commerce, alluding to the course adopted by Great Britain, and the advantages she will possess in being able to turn her mail vessels into war steamers, thinks that with the economical views of the American Government, it can hardly be expected that we shall undertake to compete with England in the mode adopted by her; but nevertheless, we must have some contrivance by which we can resist whatever vessels she may send against us, or our seaports will be at her mercy. The most available and efficient plan yet proposed is thought by the Journal to be that lately suggested by Mr. Redfield. His plan is briefly this: to have always at hand a sufficient number of heavy Paixan's or Cochran's bomb cannon, to supply all our passenger steamers with one, two, or more, according to their capacity, strength, and power of working; and also to have a sufficient corps of naval artillerists, drilled to this especial service, and rendered as perfect in the science of gunnery as study and practice can make them. Engineers and deck hands, of the proper character, could be obtained without difficulty, it is presumed, in sufficient numbers, on the spur of the occasion. Thus provided, in ten days could be put afloat a fleet of armed steamers, which, in connexion with forts and other means of defence, would render the situation of an invading fleet very uncomfortable. Mr. Redfield has shown that passenger steamboats possess sufficient strength for the purpose; and in point of alertness, they would be far superior to the British or French steamers. They would also be *less* exposed to destruction by Paixan shot than heavier vessels, inasmuch as the shot would pass directly through them, instead of lodging and exploding on board. There is no limit, scarcely, to the force which in this way we could bring to bear upon an enemy on our own coast. With the preparations above indicated, it would be perfectly practicable, on very short notice, to put afloat FIVE HUNDRED ARMED STEAMERS. The number of artillerists required would not be large; but they must be men of character, skill and courage, and must be paid accordingly.

Of course Mr. Redfield's plan does not supercede the construction and use of a suitable number of heavy steamers, like those now building. But these alone, unless their number were much larger than it is likely to be at present, would be very inadequate to possible emergencies.

Life at Saratoga.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, gives quite a humorous account of a great "flare up," which took place at Saratoga a few days since, in consequence of an attempt by the proprietors of one of the springs, to levy a TAX upon those who drank from their spring. This heretofore unheard of proposition awakened the fury of a majority of the visitors, and an indignation meeting was straightway held, at which divers speakers uncorked their bottled-up wrath with so terrific a pop as that which generally succeeds the withdrawal of the cork from the neck of one of the bottles containing the liquid, for the free use of which they were so stoutly contending. After fuming in this manner for some time, and finding themselves measurably cooled by the operation, they wound up by a fiercely worded resolution, to the effect that not another drop of water from that spring should ever pass the lips of any individual in the assembly; and to this was added another, which contained a request that the boys would not break down the fixtures of the fountain that night, the consequence of which was, that the bottling house of the proprietors of the spring was, in the course of the evening, set fire to, but was fortunately soon extinguished. The feeling on the subject was all-exciting. The proprietor has been at great expense to fit up the grounds and put the spring in fine order, yet the people contend they have a right to drink of it gratuitously! Suppose such a claim is set up in this city, and that mineral water vendors should be laid under contributions in this way, why every body would exclaim against its injustice. Yet because these fashionable rowdies at Saratoga are not permitted to exercise the largest liberty there, and eat and drink at the expense of others, they pull down fences and set fire to the buildings which surround the Pavilion Spring!

Yankee Trick.

Suspicious Movements of a British Steamer on the American Side of Lake Erie—Precautions Against Surprise. [partly illegible]

On Thursday morning the 15th, says the Times, the people of Erie, Pa. were thrown into an excitement by a visit from rather a suspicious looking stranger. "A long, low, black, piratical looking steamboat," displaying British colors, and a threatening tier of guns, was observed cruising outside of the harbor, directly in front of the town—She at first attracted very little attention, except from the nervous portion of the community; but as she appeared to be reconnoitering the place rather closely, and her movements indicated a fixedness of entering the bay, the suspicions of our citizens began to be excited. Sailing, or rather paddling, along the outside of Presque Isle to the head, she made a careful survey of the channel and the unfinished works. Returning to the lower end, at the entrance to the bay, she went through the same operations, and then, to the great relief of some of our more timorous old ladies, put to sea, apparently satisfied with her observations. This, however, was not the case; for after stretching toward the Canada shore for about half an hour, she was observed to bear away for a brig that was coming down the lake, under her easy sail, before a spanking breeze. By some mismanagement, the steamer fell a little to windward of the brig, upon which she put on a greater head of steam and gave chase. This movement alarmed the captain of the brig, as it also did some of our citizens, for the former crowded every rag of canvass, and the latter began to crowd the banks of the lake. By this time the excitement on shore was intense, the simple ones gasped an occasional ejaculation to Old Ironsides, while the knowing ones amused themselves by betting on the result of the race. The steamer was evidently putting her engines to their utmost stretch, while the brig was observed to tremble under her press of canvass, and was ploughing up the water and scattering the boiling foam from her bows in magnificent style. Presently she neared the light-house point, and rounding it gallantly dashed into the harbor, while a loud shout and a laugh of derision burst from the spectators as they saw the Briton relinquish the chase and bear away toward Canada. For a British steam-frigate to be beaten in a race by a Yankee brig, was too bad; and consequently the officers thought proper to try the game over again with a tub of a schooner that was coming up the lake. The frigate was a little more successful this time, for the schooner was overhauled, to the no small consternation of the captain, who expected nothing less than capture and condemnation as lawful prize of war, and who was agreeably surprised when he was permitted to enter the harbor without molestation. This instance of the clemency of the supposed enemy, dissipated for a time, the fear of Paixhan guns, but terror returned when they saw the steamer cast anchor in a small cove which commands the entrance to the bay, and saw the Britons man their boats and commence taking the soundings of the channel. In the evening the steamer fired up and stood her course for Canada.

The strong American feeling which pervades the mass of our citizens, displayed itself in the most striking manner. The people looked very much like rifles, they put their hats upon their heads as if they were percussion caps; talked significantly of the Caroline affair; expatiated upon the beauty of a burning steam frigate; and I sincerely believe that if it had been a time of war between the two countries, and the vessel had remained in the cove till nightfall, they would have organized a band of volunteers and taken her, in spite of her guns and her crew of one hundred men. As we were at peace with Britain, all we could do was to show our disposition. Accordingly David Porter Robbins, proprietor of the U. S. Hotel, (a house by-the-way that commands a full view of Lake Erie,) unfurled the Stars and Stripes of our country's banner to the breeze, in proud defiance of the cross of St. George. In fact, all hands seemed anxious to make the Briton understand that they were desirous of a brush.

Touching.

The following scene in the Court over which Judge Noah presides, in New York, is related by the Courier of that city. This is administering justice, tempered with mercy, and sheds a heavenly light around the judicial ermine, which will do more to reform the criminal and to restrain vice, than all the gallows in Christendom. Would that we had a few more such Judges.

In the Court of Special Sessions, a man named John Fisher, was brought up, for some trifling offence for trial. His wife, a beautiful young woman, not more than seventeen years of age, appeared at the bar with an infant in her arms, as an advocate for her husband. She was dressed plainly and by no means in the height of fashion. Her presence, her child and her tears had a softening effect on the court. Her husband was discharged and left the room. The young wife lingered behind to sob out a few sentences of gratitude. Judge Noah spoke to her a few kind words, and enquired of her "are you really so destitute as you appear, and is that your child?" "As there's a God," replied the poor creature, "it is all true. Since my husband has been in prison for triflingly offending against the dignity of our landlord, the latter, the inhuman monster, has turned me and my child out of doors, and retains for his rent as he claims, our all—little all. For four days I have subsisted in the open air, depending wholly upon the cold charity of such as chanced to pass by betimes."

This was more than Judge Noah could stand, with his face concealed from the gaze of the spectators, to conceal an evident emotion, he beckoned to the poor woman, who, as she approached him, he slipped into her hand a *five dollar note*, which he drew from his pocket, and wished her better success and happiness hereafter. She left the Court with an altered countenance. The Judge adjusted his spectacles, called the Court to order, and the business proceeded.

Splendid Silk.

For the occasion of the ball which is under the patronage of her Majesty Queen Victoria and some of the principal nobility, for the encouragement of British manufactures in silk, a garment is now in course of manufacture in Bethnal Green, for the Queen, and which is of the most chaste and elegant description. It is being made by a weaver of the name of Branchflower, and who is one of the best workmen, the order having been given to Messrs. Bridges and Campbell, silk manufacturers, Friday street. The pattern is a rich white satin ground, splendidly brocaded with gold, the branch being the oak leaf, with sprigs of the leaf interspersed, and the acorn attached. When finished it will be a most costly piece of workmanship, as there is a large quantity of gold wove on the satin, which will amount to thirty yards.—The machinery on which it is formed is upon a new principle, and it takes a whole day to make three quarters of a yard. The same pattern will be generally adopted by the lady patronesses of the ball; but the one which will be worn by the Queen will be the only one on which will be the representation of the leaf in gold. In addition to the above specimen, and others of the British artisanship in the manufacture of silk, the weavers intend to manufacture the portraits of the Queen Dowager, and the Duke of Wellington, with black and white silk, the white forming the ground, and when finished, the effect it is stated will be, that the portraits will be scarcely distinguishable from a painting, nothing of a similar description ever having been designed before.

A Trial for Passage Money.

A suit was tried in the Superior Court, New York, on Monday last, brought by Captain Stoddard, of the packet Ville de Lyon, to recover of the wife of Counsellor Cutting $675, the amount of passage for herself and family from Havre, in November, 1839. The defence produced witnesses to show that the ship did not arrive here till February, 1840—that the Ville de Lyon put into Bermuda in distress—that Mrs. Cutting chartered a vessel to bring her and family to Savannah, which cost her $500—that when the ship was only thirty-two days out, she had to buy provisions of a British barque—that the principal cause of the ship's going into Bermuda was, that she was short of provisions, particularly among the steerage passengers, and that, in consequence, the captain was unable to perform his original contract, to deliver Mrs. Cutting and family in New York, within a reasonable time, and that, therefore, he was not bound to recover any, or if any, only a part, on account of the expense Mrs. Cutting had to go to, in order to reach New York. Two ship captains testified that the ordinary passage from Havre to New York, was thirty days; that provisions for fifty days were abundant. Others testified that there was water, and salt beef, and bread and potatoes, and necessaries enough for fifty days, and that the ship put into Bermuda to repair. The jury found for $741, being the full amount of passage, with interest.

Long Speeches.

The unconquerable propensity to talk,—to make long, uninteresting speeches on any and every subject,—is the greatest bar to the despatch of business in Congress. If, instead of sending eminent orators to Congress, who must make speeches in order to sustain their reputation, we would send thither a greater number of sound, sensible, practical men, who have been more in the habit of *acting* than *of talking*, the doings of Congress would be characterized with more wisdom as well as despatch. The Newark Advertiser re-publishes the following extract of a letter by Mr. Jefferson, which may be appropriately quoted in connection with this subject: "I served with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia before the Revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves. If the present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send men who question every thing, yield nothing, and talk by the hour?"

Dinner to Boz.

The Liverpool papers received by the Caledonia, give accounts of the public dinner given in Edinburgh on the 25th June, to Charles Dickens. Two hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to the table, and after the cloth was removed about one hundred and fifty ladies entered the galleries in full dinner dress. Professor Wilson was in the chair, with Mr. Dickens on his right, and Sir George Warrender, Sir William Hamilton, Sir Charles Bell, Professor Christison, Captain Harrington, Professor Traill, Professor Syme, D. M. Moir, Esq. Alexander Blackwood, Esq. Charles Neaves, Esq. advocate; and on the left by the Lord Provost of the city, the Honorable Peregrine [illegible], Sir Edward Lees, Captain Sinclair, R. N. Sheriff Cay, William Drysdale, Esq.; advocate, Major Imlach, and — Kerr, Esq.; Patrick Robertson, Esq. acted as croupier, supported by A. Anderson, Esq. advocate; Williamson, Ramsay, Esq. of Lixmount, Hon. Horace Walpole, etc. Many speeches were made, which elicited great applause, especially that of the eminent Professor Wilson, who, in giving the health of Mr. Dickens, made allusion particularly to his last work, "Master Humphrey's Clock," and to the character of little "Nell." The meeting is described as a splendid tribute "to the genius and character of the distinguished stranger." The following is a sketch of his Address, received with enthusiastic cheers.

Mr. Dickens said—If I felt your warm and generous welcome less, I should be better able to thank you. If I could have listened, as you have listened, to the glowing language of your distinguished chairman—and if I could have heard, as you have heard, the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," which he has uttered, it would have gone hard but I should have caught some portion of the enthusiasm, and kindled at his example. But every word which fell from his lips, and every demonstration of sympathy and approbation with which you received his eloquent expressions, render me unable to respond to his kindness, and leave me at least all heart and no lips. (Great cheering.) Yearning to respond as I would do to your cordial greeting—possessing, Heaven knows, the will, and desiring only to find the way—the way to your good opinion, favor and support, has been to me very pleasant, a path strewn with flowers, and cheered with sunshine—I feel as if I stood among old friends, whom I had intimately known and highly valued. I feel as if the deaths of the fictitious creatures, in which you have been kind enough to express an interest, had endeared us to each other, as real afflictions deepen friendships in actual life. I feel as if they had been real persons, whose fortunes we had pursued together in inseparable connection, and that I had never known them apart from you.

It is a difficult thing for a man to speak of himself or of his works. But, perhaps, on this occasion, I may without impropriety, venture to say a word on the spirit in which mine were conceived. I felt an earnest and humble desire, and shall do till I die, to increase the stock of harmless cheerfulness. I felt that the world was not utterly to be despised—that it was worthy of living in for many reasons. I was anxious to find, as the Professor has said, if I could, in evil things, that soul of goodness which the great Creator has put in them. I was anxious to show that virtue may be found in the bye-ways of the world—that it is not incompatible with poverty and even with rags—and to keep steadily through life the motto, expressed in the burning words of our Northern poet—

> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that.—(Loud cheers.)

And, in following this track, where could I have better assurance that I was right, or where could I have stronger assurance to cheer me on, than in your kindness on this, to me, memorable night.—(Loud cheers.) I anxious and glad to have an opportunity of saying a word in reference to one incident, in which I am happy to know you were interested, and still more happy to know, though it may sound paradoxical, that you were disappointed,—I mean the death of the little heroine. When I first conceived the idea of conducting that simple story to its termination, I determined rigidly to adhere to it, and never to forsake the end I had in view. Not untried in the school of affliction in the death of those we love, I thought what a good thing it would be if, in my little work of pleasant amusement, I could substitute a garland of fresh flowers for the sculptured horrors which disgrace the tomb.

If I have put into my book anything which can fill the young mind with better thoughts of death, or soften the grief of older hearts; if I have written one word which can afford pleasure or consolation to old or young in time of trial, I shall consider it as something achieved—something which I shall be glad to look upon in after life. Therefore I kept to my purpose, notwithstanding that towards the conclusion of the story, I daily received scores of letters of remonstrance, especially from the ladies—God bless them for their tender mercies—the Professor was quite right when he said that I had not reached to the adequate delineation of their virtues; and I fear that I must go on blotting their characters in endeavoring to reach the idea I have in my mind.—(Cheers.) These letters were, however, combined with others from the sterner sex, and some of them were not altogether free from personal invective. But notwithstanding I kept to my purpose; and I am happy to know that many of those who at first condemned me, are now foremost in their approbation.

If I have made a mistake in detaining you with this little incident, I do not regret having done so; for your kindness has given me such a confidence in you that the fault is yours and not mine. I come once more to thank you; and here I am in difficulty again. The distinction you have conferred upon me is one which I never hoped, and of which I never dared to dream. That it is one which I shall never forget, and that while I live I shall be proud of its remembrance, you must well know. I believe I shall never hear the name of this noble capital of Scotland without a thrill of gratitude and pleasure. I shall love while I have life, her people, her hills and her houses, and even the very stones of her streets; and if in the future works which may lie before me you should discern—God grant you may—a brighter spirit and a clearer wit, I pray you refer it back to this night, and point to that as a Scottish passage for ever more. (Loud cheers.) I thank you again and again for the honor you have done me, and I drink to you all with a heart as full as my glass, and far less easily emptied, I assure you. (Great laughter and cheering.)

A Difficulty with the Pope.

The Washington correspondent of the New Yorker, speaks of the probability of our government having a difficulty to settle with the Pope of Rome, arising out of the imprisonment of an American Bishop, named Reese. This is the first intimation we have heard of such a circumstance, but if correct we shall probably hear more of it. The writer says:—

"His Holiness in the exercise of his Apostolic functions, called the Bishop of Detroit to appear before him in the year 1838 or '39. The latter in obedience to the mandate repaired to Rome, when he was urged to resign his Apostolic function of pastor of the diocese of Detroit. He refused, and was thrust into prison, and remains cut off from all communication with his country and friends. This will be officially communicated to the department of State by a Catholic priest, who says our worthy fellow citizen is suffering this prolonged incarceration, owing to certain calumnies of his colleagues in the United States, who have been accessory to his imprisonment, and who have known the fact ever since its consummation, but have carefully kept it a secret from the laity in this country, and especially from the flock of the sufferer. A citizen of the United States called to Rome to be judged by his Holiness for acts alleged to have been committed in the United States, is an anomaly, at least in the history of our country."

We find in the Madisonian the following letter in relation to the arrest and imprisonment of Bishop Reese.

The following is handed to us for publication, as a copy of a letter communicated to the Secretary of State. We have no knowledge of the character of the author of the letter, but are informed by him that he had seen the Bishop of Detroit in Rome, and vouched for the truth and soberness of his address to the Government. We are not fully aware of the extent of the power of the Pope over those who acknowledge their allegiance to him, but we had supposed his supremacy was only spiritual, and did not profess to extend to temporal matters, or to the lives and liberties of American citizens. We know not to what conditions Bishop Reese may have subscribed as the price of his liberty, but as an American citizen, claiming the protection of his Government, he is entitled to it, unless he has been guilty of some crime against the laws where he is imprisoned.

To the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State.

Sir—I hasten to make known to the Government of the United States of America, a fact of a serious character, and highly interesting to the national dignity of the country.

The Bishop of Detroit, Michigan, Mr. Reese, an American citizen, is confined in a dungeon of Rome, without communication with any living person, and consequently without the knowledge of the American Minister resident there; a target for the blackest calumnies, and a victim of the most atrocious persecution from his colleagues here in religious matters, was summoned to Rome toward the end of 1838, if I am not mistaken; and in 1839, when I made his acquaintance, he was confined in a convent under an ecclesiastical prosecution.

On the process being completed he was ordered to resign. This he refused to do, and then he was thrown into a dungeon, perhaps of the Inquisition, where three other Bishops are lying. There he is overwhelmed with sufferings, and tortured to oblige him to resign, and all possible measures were taken to prevent him from invoking the protection of the diplomatic agents of his own country. A similar case had happened to the Bishop of Philadelphia, Mr. Cornwell. But this prelate, whilst in the same position of Mr. Reese, was fortunate enough to make his escape from Rome; and arrested in Paris, under Charles X., by order of the Pope, was set at liberty through the intervention of the American Minister.

Thinking that the Government of the United States are to look upon their citizens under no religious aspect, but merely as free citizens of this Union, I could scarcely believe but that, in consequence of this enclosure, ready and efficacious steps will be taken to cause the Papal Government to be called to account for such a scandalous abuse of its spiritual power.

I have the honor to be,
Your most obedient servant,
BERNARDUS CASTELLI.

Washington, D. C., July 13, 1841.

Appointments by the President.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Abner Nash Ogden, Judge of the United States for the District of Louisiana.

John Chambers, Governor of the Territory of Iowa.

Otho H. W. Stull, Secretary of the Territory of Iowa.

George C. Bates, Attorney of the United States for Michigan.

Courtland Cushing, Attorney of the United States for Indiana.

Robert Hanna, Marshall of the United States for Indiana.

COLLECTORS OF THE CUSTOMS.—Parker Sheldon, Bath, Me. Joseph Eaches, Alexandria, D. C.

Peleg Sprague, Judge of the United States for the District of Massachusetts.

POSTMASTERS.—Robert M. Riddle, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. John C. Montgomery, at Philadelphia.

The American Navy.

We are indebted to an officer of the Navy for the following list of vessels of war in the Navy of the United States, with their rates:

Ships of the Line.

Name.	Rate.	Name.	Rate.
Franklin	74 guns	Alabama	74 guns
Washington	74	Vermont	74
Columbus	74	Virginia	74
Ohio	74	Pennsylvania	120
N. Carolina	74	Total 11.	
Delaware	74		

Razee.

Independence	54	Total 1.	

Frigates of the First Class.

United States	44	Cumberland	44
Constitution	44	Sabine	44
Guerriere	44	Savannah	44
Java	44	Raritan	44
Potomac	44	Columbia	44
Brandywine	44	St. Lawrence	44
Hudson	44	Congress	44
Santee	44	Total, 15.	

Frigates of the Second Class.

Constellation	36	Total, 2.	
Macedonian	36		

Sloops of War of the First Class.

John Adams	20	Fairfield	20
Boston	20	Vandalia	20
Lexington	20	St. Louis	20
Vincennes	20	Concord	20
Warren	20	Cyane	20
Natchez	20	Levant	20
Falmouth	20	Total, 13.	

Sloops of War of the Second Class.

Erie	18	Peacock	18
Ontario	18	Total, 3.	

Sloops of War of the Third Class.

Decatur	16	Marion	16
Preble	16	Dale	16
Yorktown	16	Total, 5.	

Brigs and Brigantines.

Dolphin	10	Pioneer	
Porpoise	10	Consort	
Boxer	10	Total, 5.	

Schooners.

Grampus	10	Wave	
Shark	10	Otsego	
Enterprise	10	Flying Fish	
Experiment		Total, 8.	
Flirt			

Steamers.

Missouri	20	Poinsett	4
Mississippi	20	Total, 4.	
Fulton	6		

Store Ship.

Relief.—Total, 1.

Whole number of vessels, sixty-eight.

These vessels, with few exceptions, mount many more guns than they are rated. The Ships of the Line, rated 74 to 120, mount from 80 to 140 guns. The Independence razee, is rated from 54, and mounts 64 guns.—Frigates of the First class, rated 44, mount from 54 to 64 guns. The Sloops of War of the First class are rated 20, and mount (with the exception of two) 24 guns; the two exceptions are the Cyanne and Levant; these vessels mount no more than the number of guns they are rated. The Sloops of War of the Second class rated 18, mount 22 guns. The Sloops of the Third class mount the number of guns they are rated. The Brigs, Brigantines, and Schooners, rated 10, mount 12 or 14 guns, and those marked without any rate, mount, if any, one, two, three or four.—*Pensacola Gazette.*

Captain Drew and his Associates.

Sir Francis Head, late Governor of Upper Canada has published in the London papers a communication, in which he complains of the manner in which Capt. Drew, and his associates in the Caroline attack, have been treated. The following are some extracts from the communication:

For several months Commander Drew, of the Navy, has been living in England. Having been acquitted by the court-martial, before which he had been arraigned illegally, (for it is against the law to try a naval officer on half pay,) of every one of the charges for which he had been deprived of his command on Lake Erie, he crossed the Atlantic to urge Her Majesty's Government to comply with the address submitted in his behalf to the Queen by both Houses of the provincial Parliament of Upper Canada; he came, in short, to ask the Government to heal his wounded honor by granting him some slight acknowledgment of the services he had rendered to his country by the Caroline, an act officially declared by Lord Glenelg to have been "justifiable and praiseworthy."

In his address to Lord John Russell, he detailed the pecuniary losses to which he had been subjected, and informing his Lordship that ruffians from the United States had three times crossed over to Canada on purpose to assassinate him, for the same vindictive reasons for which they had assassinated Capt. Usher, he modestly petitioned his Lordship for his countenance and support.

The reply he received was a cold, unfeeling denial, and his requests to the Admiralty having been equally fruitless, without expressing even to me in private a single word of disrespect, or even of complaint, against the Admiralty or the Government, he this day sails from England with the determination to sell his farm in the backwoods, to abandon the land he had cleared from the wilderness with his own hands, and to lead his wife and children to some other region of the globe, in which, at least, their protector's life may be safe from the rifle of the assassin!

I trust that, without offence to any political party, I may be permitted to say that my heart bleeds when I reflect on Captain Drew's misfortunes. Whether or not I was justified, in order to defend Her Majesty's territory, in calling in the Queen's name upon the naval officers in Upper Canada to capture and destroy the pirate steamer the Caroline, is a question on which it would be unbecoming I should offer an opinion; but there can surely be no doubt that those who obediently responded to the appeal performed a noble duty, and that they had no reason to expect that the laurels they so fairly won would be forcibly exchanged by their country for a cypress-bough mourning over their disgrace; and yet such has been their unhappy fate. Lieut. M'Cormack, who in the attack upon the Caroline was shot through the body in five places, and whose promotion has likewise been refused, has also, to avoid assassination, been obliged, followed by his family, to abandon his little farm on the frontier, while several of his seafaring comrades, who, at my call left the trading vessels they commanded to join in the attack, finding themselves discountenanced by the home Government, have been obliged to give up these crafts, lest they should be massacred or imprisoned in their voyages on the lakes.

Every individual of Captain Drew's gallant band lives disappointed and disheartened, and while he is yet in sight of the English coast, embarked on that noble element on which he gained in actions every professional step he has received, it is impossible, for me at least, to help reflecting what must be his feelings, as, standing in melancholy silence upon the deck, he sees his ungrateful country gradually fading from his view; for with Byron no longer can he proudly exclaim—

> "O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
> Our thoughts are boundless and our souls are free
> Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
> Survey our empire and behold our home."

Fashions for July.

Morning Negligé.—Robe of batiste de laine, [illegible] with fichu of plain cambric, and collar a chale, and plain manchettes. Fancy straw bonnet edged, and with plaid ribbon; scarf of black silk, with frill of the same.

Toilette de Visite.—Robe of barege in pattern of pale colors, corsage and sleeves a petites coulisses, and deep tucks edged with fringe. Black taffetas scarf, with ruche. Bonnet of crape france violette of lace and flowers, corresponding with the dress; handkerchief with inlets of Valenciennes, manchettes and collar trimmed with Valenciennes. The corsages continue to be made tight and with points; corsages grand' mere a l'Amazon, with gimp trimmings and those a chale or revers, are also worn; for young ladies they are generally square, or with folds; and in thin materials they are made a coulisses. Tight sleeves still maintain their ground, but they are variously ornamented, and the small gigot of moderate fulness at the shoulder, and tight on the lower part of the arm, is fashionable.

Generally speaking, tucks have replaced flounces, though they are sometimes used for tall figures; tucks are frequently edged either with fringe or lace, or folds rise on tablier, en echelle, or in a wave; for silk pink ruches are used, and on muslins, inlets of Valenciennes and embroidery.

Dress of pink or blue organdy, worked in tambour, with silk of the same color, are very pretty for public dejeuners. Organdys of deep blue are quite the rage in Paris.

Scarfs continue to be worn in every variety; the most elegant are of lace, ottomane velvet, and real cashmere, with plain centres and pine ends, or figured in Asiatic bouquets; then follow those of foulard, shaded silks, barege, muslin, &c. &c. The newest and most fashionable style of pocket handkerchief, is with inlets of Valenciennes. Bonnets are now much ornamented, lace and flowers intermixed; the form continues small, partaking very much of the capote. Straw bonnets, trimmed with velvet of two colors, with ruche inside, are pretty. Leghorns are mostly ornamented with lace, or wreathes a la ceres, in poppies, daisies, &c.; honey-suckle is also seen, but the most elegant are those of hydrance in every color.—*London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.*

Later from Florida.

FLORIDA, July 12th, 1841.

From individuals of the scout, recently ordered into the field by Colonel Worth, who have returned back to their posts, sick, we glean the following intelligence:—The several regiments mentioned in my last, under their respective Commanders, concentrated at Lake Ahapopka—upon which, a portion of the troops embarked in boats prepared for the purpose; the remainder proceeding on shore, to examine the premises. The lake expedition touched at some eight different islands, upon which were found fresh prints of the moccasin, and also large fields of corn, which the enemy had planted in these remote and isolated positions. The enemy himself had disappeared. Signal fires were seen in the distance, which the tawny children of the forest doubtless had lighted, in order to give their brethren timely intimation of the hostile approach. The plantations of the Indians of course, were destroyed by the troops, who again returned to shore, after being satisfied that the islands were evacuated by the enemy.

Meanwhile, the scout on land, had proceeded to examine the neighboring hammocks, but were alike unsuccessful; a few fresh pony tracks being all that they discovered. Thus far, as was expected, has Halleck Tustenuggee succeeded in concealing himself, among the dense scrub which covers the sandy plains of the Ocklawaha; and in my opinion, should twice the number of troops now operating in that vicinity, be put into motion, they would find themselves "at fault," upon the trail of that cunning and restless chief.

P. S.—Private Jacob Seigle of Company G. 3d Infantry, was accidentally killed by the discharge of a musket, while in the vicinity of the Withlacoochee, on the 29th ult. Private Searle of the same company, was also wounded by the discharge.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

Fourteen Days Later from England.

The steamship Caledonia arrived at Boston the 17th at one o'clock, after a passage of 14 days and 10 hours. She reached Halifax in 11 days and 5 hours.

The news, as will be perceived, is of an important character, being no less than a Dissolution of Parliament—a General Election—doubtful riots, and loss of life—the arrival of an overland mail from India—a slight rise in cotton—and the settlement of the Turco-Egyptian Question. The Caledonia brought 74 passengers.

Samuel Jaudon, Esq. returned in the Caledonia, and is now, we believe, in this city.

The Acadia arrived home on the morning of the 29th, in ten and a half days from Halifax.

The Great Western had not arrived at Bristol—16 days out.

Trade in the manufacturing districts was better. Cotton had improved in demand, and ⅛ a ⅛ in price for American descriptions. Very little change in corn. The prospect for the crops was not quite so promising.—Money in London was worth 5 per cent. per annum, and many heavy failures had taken place.

The French loan had been reduced from £16,000,000 to £9,000,000 in consequence of the extent of the Austrian loan.

It is stated that the present visit of the King of the Belgians to London has reference to a contemplated marriage of the brother of Prince Albert with the Princess Clementine, the only unmarried daughter of Louis Philippe.

There have been serious riots in Liverpool, Carlisle, Blackburn, Manchester, Edinburgh, Nottingham, Cambridge, Kensington, and the Tower Hamlets; and several persons stabbed, and some died of excitement.

Whitmore, Wells & Whitmore, bankers of London, have failed.

The Pollux steamer has been lost off the island of Elba. Only one person drowned.

Great activity prevails all over France and England, in fitting out ships of war. The following ships of war will be launched this summer, in addition to the Trafalgar first rate:—Hindostan, 80, at Plymouth, the 2d of August; Collingwood, 80, at Pembroke, the 17th of August; Cambrian, 36, at Pembroke, the 2d of July; and Growler, steam vessel, at Chatham first week in August.

The Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal have enjoyed excellent health; they still remain at Buckingham Palace.

The King and Queen of the Belgians and suite arrived at Buckingham Palace, London, on the 23d ult.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—Sir George Grey is to have the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet; succeeded as Judge Advocate by Mr. Sheil, late Vice President of the Board of Trade.

Mr. More O'Ferrall, Secretary of the Admiralty, has the post of Financial Secretary of the Treasury, vice Gordon. O'Ferrall is succeeded at the Admiralty by Mr. Parker, M. P. for Sheffield.

OFFICE OF PRINCIPAL PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.—To this situation, which was held by the late Sir David Wilkie, her Majesty has to appoint Mr. George Hayter.

THE QUEEN'S NEW COUNSEL.—Mr. Whately and Mr. Godson, M. P. of the Oxford circuit; Mr. Knowles, Mr. Baines, and the Hon. Mr. Stuart Wortley, of the Northern circuit; Mr. Sutton Sharpe, and Mr. Austin.

MEMBERS RETURNED.—The conservative members already returned are 119—the radical members 77. The conservative gain is 30, the radical 16—leaving a majority in favor of conservatives of 14, or 28 votes on a division, in the House of Commons.—*Liverpool Mail July 1.*

DEFEAT OF MR. HUME.—Joseph Hume has been defeated at Leeds. He will, probably, not sit in the next Parliament.

Prorogation of Parliament—Queen's Speech.

The proceedings of the Parliament during the last few hours of its existence are of little interest. On June 22d, the Royal assent having been given to a number of bills, her Majesty arrived at the house shortly after two o'clock, and the commons being summoned to attend, delivered the following speech.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—

"On a full consideration of the present state of public affairs, I have come to the determination of proroguing this Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution.

"The paramount importance of the trade and industry of the country, and my anxiety that the exigencies of the public service should be provided for in the manner least burdensome to the community, have induced me to resort to the means which the constitution has entrusted to me of ascertaining the sense of my people upon matters which so deeply concern their welfare.

"I entertain the hope that the progress of public business may be facilitated, and that divisions injurious to the course of steady policy and useful legislation may be removed by the authority of a new Parliament, which I shall direct to be summoned without delay.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

"I thank you for the readiness with which you have voted the sums necessary for the civil and military establishments.

"My Lords and gentlemen;

"In the exercise of my prerogative, I can have no other object than that of securing the rights and promoting the interests of my subjects; and I rely on the co-operation of my Parliament, and loyal zeal of my people, for support in the adoption of such measures as are necessary to maintain that high station among the nations of the world which it has pleased Divine Providence to assign to this country."

The Lord Chancellor then declared Parliament prorogued, and a royal proclamation was issued immediately after, dissolving the present Parliament, and for the calling of another, the writs for which are returnable on the 19th of August.

The President Steamer.

THE PRESIDENT.—We find the following statement in the report of Captain Sorcau, of the Bison, which has arrived in the Loire from the Isle of Bourbon:—

"On the 4th of June I found, to the north of the Azores, a broken bowsprit, covered with shells. This mast, on which blocks (moques) were still in the places, as well as a piece of chain about six fathoms, for the gammonings (liure,) must have belonged to a very large vessel, a ship of the line or a frigate.—Did they belong to the President?—*Le Commerce.*

The President Steamer.

The following letter, dated Naples, June 12, has been received in Paris. The writer is a very respectable English resident in that city:—"Captain Hammond, of the British brig Venus, which arrived here from Newfoundland on the 7th inst. reports that he had on his voyage from Cadiz to Newfoundland, in the middle of April last, passed a large steamer drifting on the ice, in which she must shortly after have been blocked up. The captain of the brig hoisted his number, and the steamer in answer the British flag. The brig not having been reported by the steamer, which was endeavoring to proceed homeward, Captain Hammond supposes it must have been the President. He was obliged to make a circuit himself of more than one hundred and fifty miles, to avoid running into the same predicament. Whether the steamer seen was the President or not, there is no doubt of the fact of her having been seen."

Election Returns.

We can only find room to give the returns from a few of the principal cities and towns. The first election took place in the city of London on the 29th ult. when after a most desperate struggle on both sides, two liberals and two conservatives were elected, viz. Sir M. Wood and Lord John Russell, (L.) and Lyall and Masterman, (C.)

In Marylebone, Sir B. Hall and Sir C. Napier were elected, (both L.) In Southwark, Lambeth, the Tower Hamlets, and Greenwich, two Liberals were returned from each. In Liverpool, Lord Sandon and C. Cresswell (both C.) Manchester, Birmingham, Brighton, Bath, Portsmouth and Sheffield, returned each to Liberals—Leeds returned one L. and one C.

COMPARATIVE LOSS AND GAIN.—The returns to the new Parliament, (including one from Scotland, Leith) up to Friday evening, July the 2d, received in London, are—

Liberals,	159
Tories,	145
Majority for the Liberals,	14

The total amount of the university, city and borough constituency of England is 341, of which as above seen, 303 have been elected. It is stated that in comparative loss and gain to the two parties, that the tories have a majority in this respect, against the liberals of 9, or 18 votes on a division.

Election Riots—The Military Called Out—Men Killed!!

In Liverpool and other places most disgraceful riots, ending in the death of several persons, have occurred. On the 30th ult. a large body of Irishmen attacked a party of ship carpenters and assaulted them with brick bats, bludgeons, &c. The whole town was in a complete uproar. The mounted police were at hand, and charged upon the rioters, when several were severely wounded, and upwards of 80 persons taken into custody.

In Carlisle a similar scene took place at the Election, when the military were called out, and two men were killed by the affray. This is only a specimen of the state of the whole country at this time. We have no space for further particulars.

It is now confidently asserted, that the Duke of Richmond and family have gone into mourning for Lord Fitzroy Lennox, all hopes of the safety of the President steamer being now given up by his Grace.

Mr. Wm. Power, son of Mr. Power, the comedian, has received a Government appointment in the commissariat.

The splendid war-ship Trafalgar, of 120 guns was launched at Woolwich on the 21st ult., in presence of the Queen and an immense number of persons.

The Great Western Railway was opened on the 1st inst., the entire distance from London to Bristol and Bridgewater.

Madame Catalini died at her casino on the lakes of the Lac di Como, on the 20th ult.

France.

The Paris papers are barren of news.

The entire budget of expenditures was voted by the Chamber of Peers, 95 to 18.

The Moniteur announces that the squadron, commanded by Capt. Leray, sailed for the coast of Africa on the 27th ult. It consisted of the ships Montebello and Neptune, and the frigate Andromede.

Letters from Toulon of the 23d June, state that reports of war are again spread on the coast, and seem this time to gain much credit. It is announced that Vice Admiral Hugon is going to receive orders to return to port with the squadron; that all the ships are to be victualled for six months, and immediately afterwards to proceed to the Levant.

Spain.

MADRID.—The Guardianship of the Queen of Spain was declared vacant, by a majority of 129 votes to 1, in the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies on the 23d.

In the sitting on the 24th, the Committee of the Senate proposed to declare the guardianship vacant, by a majority of 3 against 2.

Portugal.

LISBON.—The formation of the new Cartista Administration has been definitely arranged.—Two only of the old Cabinet have been re-chosen.

Greece.

Our accounts from Greece represent the diffusion of the spirit of insurrection as general. In the Peloponnesus among the royal troops was increasing, and the insurgents in [illegible] were receiving reinforcements from that quarter. The insurgent chief, Valentas, was maintaining his ground at Mount Olympus. On the 2d of June, he had a body of 1200 men well armed under his command.

A report reached Athens on the 8th, that serious disturbances had broken out at Janina, where, it was said, the Turks had massacred the Christian population. The Queen was not expected back in Athens before autumn.

INSURRECTION OF CANDIA.—From Candia the accounts received are dubious. The Portfoglio Maltese, of the 14th ult., gives a rumor, which it does not credit, of a battle between the Greeks and Turks, in which the former lost 500 men, but slew 1000 Turks and took 500 prisoners. The same paper had been advised that another affair happened on the 29th of May, when the Greeks lost 35 men and the Turks 185. The insurgents were supposed to amount already to 15,000 well armed men, while recruits and arms were daily being landed. Tahir Pacha was to make a general attack on the 30th May.

Sweden.

The King closed the Diet on the 10th of May by a long speech, which is of little interest to our readers.

The Danish government has concluded a treaty with Great Britain and Sweden relative to the passage of the Sound. In virtue of this treaty, the duration of which is limited to ten years from the 15th of June, and may be prolonged for ten years more, if agreeable to the contracting parties, the Court of Copenhagen has established a new tariff of duties to be paid by merchant vessels navigating under English and Swedish colors.

Russia.

The Emperor has sent a squadron to the Hague with his second son, the Grand Duke Constantine, who serves as a midshipman on board the Aurora frigate.

ST. PETERSBURG, JUNE 16.—At the proposal of the Minister of Finance, his Majesty, the Emperor, has signed a decree, prohibiting, without any exception, importation of all kinds of provisions which are put into vessels hermetically closed, in order to preserve them for a length of time, and which are liable to be spoiled by contact with the air, unless they are enclosed in glass vessels.

Turkey, Egypt and Syria.

The latest news from the different parts of the Levant is of a somewhat contradictory nature.

It is, however, stated positively, that Mehemet Ali has accepted the terms of the Porte, and has caused his new hatti-scheriff of investure to be solemnly promulgated.

The hatti-scheriff of the 13th of February has received most important modifications. The succession in the Pachalik of Egypt is to descend in the direct male line, the female descendants being excluded, and each succeeding Pacha is to be approved of by the Sultan. The Pacha is at all times to have the power of appointing the officer of the land and sea forces to the rank of colonel, and the Sultan abandons that part of the hatti scheriff of the 13th of February, relative to the service required of the Egyptian troops. The Pacha of Egypt is not to assume a higher title than that of any of the other vassals or viziers of the Porte. The same regulation remains as stated in the former hatti scheriff, that Egypt should be governed by the same laws as the other portions of the Sultan's dominions.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 15th.—On the 9th, the Council sat to deliberate on the state and prospect of Syria. Complaints had been lodged against the Pacha of Damascus for oppressing the inhabitants by extorting taxes unauthorized by the new system of government. A remedy has been provided for all this, and the strictest orders have been sent to prevent their recurrence.

The statement that affairs had been quite settled in Persia would now appear to be premature.

SUDA, May 11, 22.—A Turkish steamer was despatched on the 9th to Prevesa, with orders to embark 3,000 Albanian troops immediately. The blockade is not observed very rigorously; arms, ammunition and provisions constantly find their way into the enemy's camp.

The insurgents do not increase in number; a great many of the villages, fearing the consequence of an engagement, have submitted.

Arrival of the Overland Mail—China and India.

Another Overland Mail arrived in London on 1st inst. but the news is of little importance; indeed, it appears that nothing has been received at Bombay from China of a date more recent than that sent to Europe by the former mail.

Sir Gordon Bremer was at Calcutta on the 9th May, but was about to leave for China, in the Queen steamer, the moment the reinforcements sent out to him reached India. The Madagascar steamer was also to accompany him.

There appears to be no prospect of any further disturbance to the general tranquility by any attempt at an incursion upon Herat, by Yar Mahommed. The fort at Kiarrwa was in the possession of Captain Minto's force on the morning of the 4th ult. Kiarrwa is situated about 12 miles east of Nurwur.

The Canton Register of March 30th, gives the following information—"The mere reports are, that the English ships of war have removed below the city of Canton about one mile and a half; that the British flag was hauled down in Canton on the evening of the 26th inst., the guard removed, and the flag has never since been hoisted. The further demands of the local government now are, that all the English ships of war are to leave the river, the forts and islands of North Wantung to be evacuated and surrendered to the Chinese, before any trade as usual can be recommenced. If these demands are complied with, the next that will be pressed upon her majesty's Plenipotentiary, will probably be, to rebuild the Bogue forts at English cost, and on the latest and most improved scientific principles of defence and offence. Will not his Excellency's magnanimity grant such reasonable and modest demands? More troops are daily arriving in Canton, but we know nothing of Yihsan's movements or intentions, if he is indeed in Canton. It was rumored on Saturday that he had annulled Yang's proclamation for renewing the trade with the English. About fifteen ships are now supposed to be at Whampoa; the treatment experienced by the English and United States vessels under the renewed usual trade, will probably furnish matter for remark next week or before."

State of Trade.—London Tea Market.

In the early part of the week a good demand prevailed for Free Trade Tea, and by private contract several parcels were disposed of at higher rates. At the public sales on Tuesday, consisting of 10,000 packages, importers displayed firmness, and bought in several parcels much above market rates. The quantity sold, amounting to 3900 packages, went at an advance on the rates of the former auctions of 1d to 1½d for Black, and ½d to 1d for Green descriptions, and there was a fair spirit in the biddings.

The Riot at Albany.

The Riot among the laborers on the Railroad, near Albany, was no child's play. The Albany Evening Journal says:—"One of the wounded rioters on the Troy and Schenectady Railroad was brought to the city yesterday, having remained forty-eight hours or more in a state of insensibility occasioned by a blow from a pick-axe by one of the assailants. Dr. Armsby operated upon him, applied the trephene, and removed several fragments of depressed bone. He instantly recovered his consciousness and conversed freely. His recovery is considered doubtful."

Mr. Calvin Pepper, Jr. and Mr. Seth Green returned to the city from the battle-field, bringing with them two of the ring-leaders in the outbreak. The names of the prisoners are George Mason and Peter Higgins. They acknowledge that they were participators in the riot, belonging to the Far-down party, and were both armed with muskets, which they obtained from the neighboring farmers.

Mr. Pepper states that he remained on the ground all night, with Mr. Green, for the protection of the women and children, who came from their hiding places in the woods during the night. At daylight, all being quiet, Messrs. Pepper and Green started in pursuit, having obtained some very vague information, and the name of one of the rioters.

They proceeded to Niskayuna, where they procured a warrant from Hezekiah Hamilton, a justice of the peace. Mr. Hamilton stated that a party of the rioters had attempted to force themselves into his premises, in search of Corkonians—Mr. H. having a number of laborers in his employ. One of them, with a musket in his hand, had seized hold of the gate, telling Mr. H. if it was not opened he would be hurt. Messrs. Pepper and Green proceeded in pursuit, and soon came up with and arrested the prisoners, one of whom proved to be the same man who threatened Mr. H. They then acknowledged their participation in the riot.

Mr. Pepper states that the affray was commenced by the Far-downers, who mustered upward of one hundred. That he saw a great number of broken heads along the line of the Railroad; and that the riot embraced the workmen for a distance of ten miles.

The Governor has offered a reward of $200 for the apprehension of the rioters.

Loss of the French Steamer Pollux.

The catastrophe occurred at 11 o'clock of the night of the 17th. Her crew consisted of 50 seamen, and she had 46 passengers. Fortunately all on board were saved, except an old Neapolitan captain who was drowned.—The following details had reached Marseilles. The Pollux sailed from Civita Vecchia at half past 4 o'clock in the evening. At 11 o'clock the man on watch exclaimed "A light a head." The captain then went forward and observed that there were three lights, which designated a steamboat. It is said that the captain ordered the steersman to port his helm. At this time the Pollux was sailing at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, and the Mongibello coming against her at the rate of eleven knots.—When the passengers observed that the two vessels were approaching each other with tremendous rapidity, they exclaimed, "Stop, stop, you are going to sink us." The steersman then put his helm hard up, but it was too late, the two vessels struck; the Mongibello's bowsprit carried away the chimney of the Pollux, and her bow struck in the side of that vessel. Then commenced a scene of confusion impossible to be described. The steersman of the Pollux saved himself by springing on board the Mongibello, the crew followed his example, but the captain, quarter-master, and three others exerted themselves to save the passengers, though the water at this time reached their necks. The captain thought he had saved every one, but the cries of distress were again heard on board the Pollux. A boat was then sent from the Mongibello, which saved seven persons, when the Pollux went down, and her unfortunate captain fainted on the deck of the Mongibello. Every thing on board the Pollux was lost, the passengers' baggage and letters, and even the ship's papers.

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Removals must always state the Post-office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ Thomas Severn, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ R. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ L. Tompkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

☞ R. M. Smith is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Prices said for.
1545 shares United States Bank.	17¼a18
92 do. Mechanics Bank.	26a26¼
70 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	37½a38
53 do. Reading R. R.	25½a28
50 do. Vicksburg Bank.	5¼
35 do. Girard Bank.	7½a7¾
28 do. Union Bank, Tenn.	55
30 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.	54
20 do. Commercial Bank, Cincin.	82
18 do. American Fire Insurance Co.	70
5 do. North America Bank.	395a397
5 do. Man. & Mec. Bank.	24
5 do. Northern Bank, Ky.	80
4 do. Commercial Bank.	43¼a43¾
2 do. Philadelphia Exchange.	50
$730 United States Bank Notes.	17½ discount.

New Counterfeits.

Bank of Kentucky, Louisville.—500's. This bank has never issued any notes over 100's.

Louisiana State Bank, N. Orleans.—10's spurious. Signed L. Bibl, Cashier, C. Clement, President. Engraved by the "Western Bank Note Company." They bear no resemblance to the genuine bills.

More Money.

Governor Porter arrived in town on Tuesday. We learn that the object of the Governor's visit to Philadelphia, is to obtain from the non-accepting banks, who are subject under their charters to such a course—a loan to the extent of 3½ per cent. of their capital—amounting in all to about $300,000, from four Banks. The money will be no doubt obtained, and thus the interest due on the State Debt in August, will be duly paid.

A New Bank.—A new bank has recently been established at Poultney, Vermont, by the name of the Poultney Bank. By the law of the State, fifty thousand dollars are required to be paid in specie, and no individual or company can receive on discount more than ten per cent. of the capital, and the directors and all other officers are restricted to three per cent. each. The Bank has complied with all the requisitions of the law, and is conducted by gentlemen of character and property. The bills are received at par in the Suffolk Bank at Boston, and the credit of the Bank is the same as all the other New England Banks, which is deservedly high.

Currency.—The Philadelphia currency remains without change. Small notes are more abundant, and in one or two instances we have heard that the non-accepting banks have refused in deposit large sums in the small notes of the accepting banks issued under the Revenue Act.

More Lynch Law.

Two Men Hung Without Trial.—Another outrageous violation of law and justice was recently perpetrated in Williamstown, Grant county, Va. Some few weeks ago, a drover named Utterback was robbed and left for dead in the road. Subsequently two men named Maythe and Couch, were arrested, charged with having committed the deed, and were lodged in prison at Williamstown. Utterback was horribly mutilated, and it was believed that he would not recover. The indignation felt in Bourbon county at the atrocity of the act, induced a number of the citizens to resolve upon a summary execution of the alleged offenders.—They went about this act of revenge with the utmost deliberation and coolness. They first deputed ten citizens of the county to visit Williamstown, and inform the citizens of the place, and the prisoners particularly, that at such a time the prisoners were to be executed. This notice was thirty-six hours previous to the actual execution, and a clergyman was also sent, and actually went to the prison for religious converse with the prisoners.

We give an account of this daring outrage upon all law, from the Cincinnati Republican, learned from eye witnesses of the tragedy.

"On Saturday the 10th inst., in pursuance of the notice, about five hundred of the citizens of Bourbon, to which were added some from Scott and Harrison counties, came into Williamstown in solemn procession and most perfect order. They had chosen their Sheriffs to act for the occasion, and proceeded to the jail, and demanded the prisoners, Maythe and Couch. The Sheriff of Grant refused to give them up, or the keys of the prison; he offered, however, no other resistance, and the people at once broke open the doors. Then they took the prisoners, placed them in an open waggon, their irons on them, took up the line of march without the least noise or confusion, to the spot of ground where the murder was attempted, about four miles distant. By this time the number assembled was believed to have been at least two thousand.—After arriving on the ground, Mr. O'Hara, a member of the bar, addressed the people for some time upon the propriety of permitting the law to take its course. He was listened to with the utmost silence and respect, but without apparently altering the determination of a single person present. The preliminaries were then adjusted, and the prisoners were asked if they had any thing to say previous to the closing of their earthly accounts. One of them, Maythe, addressed a few remarks to the people, admitted the commission of the act for which they were to suffer, denying, however, that it was his wish to commit actual murder. Religious service was then performed by a clergyman present, and Maythe and Couch were hung in their irons, upon a tree standing over the same spot where their crime was committed. Rude coffins were constructed, and they were buried. The crowd then dispersed in the same perfect order.

Horrid Assault.

Letters from Cape May contains an account of a most horrid assault, committed on Saturday morning last, off the Capes, but as neither names nor particulars are given, it may not be amiss to state them.

The schooner Daniel Webster arrived at our wharves yesterday, under command of the mate, Mr. Williams, and having in custody a man, named James Crugar, who is charged with the murder of Captain Augustus Phelps, under the following circumstances. James Crugar, his wife, and four children, took passage for this city from New York, in the Daniel Webster, and during the voyage, Crugar's conduct was such, at times, as to indicate insanity. During Friday night, when outside the Capes, a heavy blow came on, and the captain was forced to lie by until it cleared. This seemed to awaken the anger of Crugar, who spoke to the captain in such a manner, that he had to be carried below. The next morning the vessel proceeded on her course and about six o'clock, the mate, who was at the wheel, remarked to the captain, "If you get your glass, you can see the light house."—Captain P. got his glass, and was in the act of looking in the direction indicated, when Crugar came aft, picked up a sharp wood axe which was lying by the caboose, and springing at the captain, was in the act of striking, when the mate called out, "my God, save yourself." The Captain immediately started, turned half round, and received the blows of the axe on his neck and jaw.

The mate immediately seized Crugar, who made a most powerful resistance, tearing handfuls of hair from the mate's head, and causing great trouble before he was mastered. He was finally conquered and bound, and in this state brought to the city. A brief examination was held before the Mayor, at which the evidence of Williams was given, and the prisoner committed for a further hearing on Monday morning. Upon his arrival at the prison he again became very unruly, and required some force to subdue him. The steamboat Sun, which arrived on Monday afternoon at four o'clock, from Cape May, brings the information that at the time the boat left Capt. Phelps still survived, but in so low a state, as to [illegible] the hope of recovery.

From Texas.

The steamship Savannah, at New Orleans on the 7th instant, brings late accounts from Texas. We see by the Picayune that Mr. Kendall, one of the editors of that sheet, who is on a journey to Santa Fe, met with a very serious accident. He fell down a precipice on the banks of the Colorado river, some thirty feet, and crushed one of his ankles, besides injuring him seriously in other respects. The Santa Fe expedition is accompanied by 300 regular troops.

The Picayune says, a proclamation by President Lamar has been printed at Austin, in the Spanish language, for distribution immediately upon the arrival of the expedition at Santa Fe. It is a very able paper, and will probably have its desired effect, that of bringing the people of Santa Fe at once under the Texan Government, of their own free will and accord. Should they not see fit, however, to accede to the terms offered by the Texans, the force under Colonel McLeod will attack the town; and the result can hardly be doubted. Texas claims to the Rio Grande, and sooner or later she will have all she claims. It will be seen, therefore, that the aims of this Santa Fe expedition are of no trifling character, but deeply important in more ways than one. Intelligence of its movements will be awaited with no inconsiderable degree of anxiety.

Congressional News.

Washington, July 14, 1841.

Senate.—Mr. Clay, from the Committee on Finance, reported the bill from the House to authorize a loan of twelve millions.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill to incorporate the subscribers to the Fiscal Bank of the U. States.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, offered an amendment proposing that in case of suspension of specie payment, the Bank and its branches shall forfeit their charters, and that such suspension shall be considered as equivalent to a forfeiture of charter.—After some debate the amendment was adopted, both parties voting for it.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, said, as this amendment had been adopted by a unanimous vote, he felt encouraged to offer another, which was, that in case of a suspension by the Bank, the Secretary of the Treasury shall have the power to remove the government deposites without delay, and place them in such banks as were in a good condition, as he might think proper, until the meeting of Congress.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, then moved to amend by inserting a provision that in case of suspension the Secretary should at once report to Congress.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, accepted the modification, and the amendment as amended was agreed to.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, moved to amend the 17th section by striking out the penalty of twelve, and inserting twenty-five per cent, in case of suspension.

The question was than taken on the amendment, and decided in the negative—ayes 19, noes 25.

Mr. Benton moved to amend the 21st section by striking out a portion of the section, the object of which was to give exclusive privileges of banking and also the provision that Congress may extend the charter.

The question was taken and decided in the negative.

Mr. Benton moved to amend the 23d section, so as to provide that in case the Committee of Congress shall report a violation of the charter by refusing to exhibit the books, the President may order a *scire facias*.

The question being taken, it was decided in the negative,—ayes 20, nays 26.

Mr. Benton moved to amend the charter so as to reduce the rate of interest on loans and discounts from six to five per cent. Borrowing at five per cent, he thought we ought to lend at the same rate.

The question was taken on the amendment and decided in the negative—ayes 17, nays 26.

The act making an appropriation for Naval Ordnance, Stores, &c., was read a first and second time, and then the Senate adjourned.

House.—*Home Squadron.*—Mr. King asked for the reading of the report of the Committee on Naval Affairs.

Mr. Wise rose and explained the object of the bill in a masterly manner, and said that apart from the absolute necessity of this squadron for the protection of the commerce which is spread along our extended coast, it would be a naval school of as much importance to our gallant Navy, as was the Academy of West Point to our Army.

Mr. King moved that the Committee rise, and that the consideration of the bill be postponed until the day after to-morrow, which was agreed to.

The House again went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Winthrop in the chair.

Mr. Wise then moved that the bill for a Home Squadron be taken up.

Mr. Filmore moved the Fortification Bill be taken up.

Mr. Wise said he wished a decision of the House on the question between the Army and the Navy.—His motion was lost—ayes 54, noes 79—absent 109.

Fortification Bill, &c.—Mr. Fillmore said he should not occupy the time of the Committee with a speech, as he believed its importance would impress itself upon gentlemen; but he was ready to answer any question which might be put to him.

The Committee then proceeded to amend the bill by sections.

On the section making an appropriation for the defence on Pea Patch Island in the Delaware river, an animated debate sprung up in which Messrs. Wise, Toland, Sergeant, Fillmore, C. Brown, Randolph and Rodney participated.

Mr. Wise said he should go in opposition to the whole bill, as he believed it to be unnecessary, in the present advanced state of military science. He did not believe in the utility of defence of stone, and should be willing to vote the whole appropriation to Naval Defences.

Mr. Ingersoll said he thought the gentleman from Virginia was profoundly mistaken in his views of the importance of the fortifications on Pea Patch Island. He then went on to show that a single armed steam vessel, in one trip, might destroy Newcastle, Wilmington, Chester, Philadelphia, Camden, Bordentown and Trenton, and probably escape unhurt.

Mr. McKay contended that it was contrary to the Constitution, to erect public works within the jurisdiction of a State, without the consent of such State; and he understood that the land on which these fortifications were to be erected, was not the property of the United States. He therefore hoped the government would extinguish the individual title to the land before the works on that Island were continued.

Mr. Fillmore said the land was valueless, only so far as the expenditures of the Government had given it importance; and the owner had endeavored to force an exorbitant sum from the government for the same; and he thought the Government could proceed and occupy it for public use, and let Congress appropriate a reasonable sum for the same.

The debate was continued by Messrs. Halstead, Jones, Morgan, and Randall.

On motion of Mr. Gamble, the whole clause making the appropriation for that Island was stricken out.

At 3 o'clock the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

Washington, July 15, 1841.

The Senate has been in executive session most of the day, so the office holders have cause to quake. Before the doors were closed there was quite an animated debate on the propriety of taking up the loan bill, and postponing the much vexed Bank question until Monday.

Mr. Calhoun, and others of the minority, wished Mr. Clay to have the final vote taken on the bill without further delay, but the "leader" was too wide awake. The probability is, that the loan bill will be passed this week, and the fiscal bank take its chance the week after.

In the House, as soon as the Journal had been read, the consideration of the fortification bill was resumed in committee of the whole. A number of amendments were offered, of no general interest, and after a wearisome debate, the committee rose at three o'clock, without coming to any decision on the bill. The House then adjourned.

Washington, July 16, 1841.

In the House, this morning, the resolution offered some time ago by Mr. Cave Johnson, calling for a list of removals from office, ect., since the 4th of March last, was called up for consideration.

A great number of amendments were offered by administration members, the principal of which was that a list should also be furnished of all the removals under the administration of Jackson and Van Buren. The amendments all strung together measured about a yard.

The fortification bill was again taken up in committee of the whole, whereon a violent debate sprung up on the case of McLeod and the conduct of Mr. Pickens in making his famous report last session.

Mr. Pickens set upon his opponents like a lion, and shewed Mr. Granger, Mr. Underwood, Bell and other Whig leaders, had themselves been the cause of the report, by their violent speeches when the correspondence was referred to the committee on foreign affairs.

The debate continued until after three o'clock, when the committee, without coming to any decision, rose, and reported progress.

In the Senate, after the presentation of memorials on various subjects, Mr. Clay, in pursuance of previous notice, moved that the loan bill from the House be made the special order of the day, to take precedence of all other business until it should pass.

Messrs. Woodbury, Walker, Sevier, and others, desired the Bank bill might be first disposed of, especially as the minority were willing to come to a direct vote upon it.

After a spirited debate the motion prevailed, and the bill was taken up. Of course the Bank Bill is laid aside until this measure shall have been disposed of.

Mr. Clay addressed the Senate at considerable length in explanation of the bill, and in urging its superiority to any other mode of relief. It will probably pass by Monday or Tuesday.

Mr. Wright in a very sarcastical manner said that there was no necessity for so much haste. For, said he, if the treasury wants money so much, do not pass the bill giving away the proceeds from the public lands.

Washington, July 17, 1841.

In the Senate a rambling business of no great importance was transacted.

In the House, the motion adopted yesterday to take the Fortification Bill from the committee of the whole to-day, was reconsidered and reversed. Mr. Mason, of Maryland, proposed to adjourn the Session on the 22d instant, as the most effectual mode of relieving the country—there being no prospect of doing it otherwise. The motion was rejected and the House again went into committee on the Fortification Bill. No decision.

Washington, July 24, 1841.

House.—The Fortification Bill was under discussion until the House adjourned.

Senate.—The President pro. tem. laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, in reply to a resolution offered by Mr. Woodbury, calling for a statement of moneys disbursed, which was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

The resolution offered by Mr. Buchanan, calling for a list of the removals from office, was laid on the table until to-morrow.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the Loan Bill. The question being on its passage.

Mr. Calhoun gave his reasons for voting against this bill. He began with a defence of the principle of withholding the supplies, whenever full explanation of the necessity and of the objects was not furnished. He contended that in this instance there had not been that sufficient explanation. Had the same spirit animated the last, there ought not now to have been a deficit of one cent. The grant of five millions of Treasury notes at the close of the last Congress, ought to have been adequate to the demands of the Treasury. There is a difference between a time of war and a time of peace, and if it be moral or nearly actual treason to withhold supplies in time of war, it cannot be denied that there has always existed a strong repugnance in time of peace to give any vote tending to embarrass the fiscal condition of the government.

Mr. Calhoun calculated the five millions were sufficient to cover the deficit of the year, and to leave a sufficient sum in the Treasury as a reserve. A great part of the money now demanded would not be required until the next year, and there could be no great reason for urging this loan until the ordinary session, when there would be more time for deliberation.

Mr. Woodbury said he objected to the form of the bill, preferring, as he did, the Treasury Note system; but he would not have voted against this bill had that been his only objection. But, exclusive of the loss to the people in their way of commerce, there would be an actual loss to the public of a million and a half of dollars from the change of mode. The new mode would throw the loan entirely into the hands of bankers and capitalists, while the Treasury Notes served the purpose of remittance in the operations of all commercial men.

Mr. Clay looked at the course of the gentlemen as a sort of eulogy on a departed friend, and he was therefore not disposed to attempt the strain of melancholy which pervaded the tone of their remarks. We had been solicited on Saturday to adjourn for the purpose of hearing a single speech. Already we have had three speeches, and how many more, [illegible]. He then stated that the whole amount of Treasury notes out (ten millions) was a debt created by the late Administration. This was not to be contested. How was this to be paid? The revenue will fall short of the estimate made by the late Administration, by five millions, and how is this to be supplied? Since the late Administration created this debt of ten millions, and since there will be a deficit of five millions, how is this to be paid? We propose to pay it in the old fashion way, by giving our bond, payable with interest at a certain time. What other way was there to pay it?

The Loan Bill Passed.—The bill authorising a Loan for Twelve Millions of Dollars, to meet the demands upon the Treasury, finally passed, and having previously passed the House of Representatives, wants only the signature of the President to become a law.

Washington, July 20, 1841.

In the House of Representatives this morning, several messages were received from the President, in answer to resolutions calling upon him for information. One encloses a letter from the Secretary of State, in relation to the American citizens confined by the British in Van Dieman's Land.

Another message recommends the revival of the act of 1818, which provides for the preservation of the neutrality of the laws.

The House then resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and resumed the consideration of the fortification bill.

At twelve o'clock, according to order, all debate ceased. Numerous amendments were then offered and rejected, when the bill was reported to the House. The moment this had been done, our old friend Previous Question, Esq., sprung forward, and dragged the bill to a third reading with amazing celerity.

After it had been read a third time, the question being on its passage, Mr. Andrews, of Kentucky, "stood on his feet," and desired to know if it would be in order to move a postponement of the bill, until Monday next. The Speaker said it would.

Mr. Proffit then made the motion, which was decided in the negative, as follows—yeas 88 nays 124.

Mr. Garret Davis then moved to lay the bill on the table, but immediately afterwards withdrew it for the purpose of submitting a motion to postpone! But another member renewing the motion to lay on the table, the motion had precedence. Much confusion here arose, and many strange noises were heard. The question on the motion to lay on the table was then put, and decided in the negative—yeas 88, nays 124. The bill was then passed by a vote of 140 to 66.

The House then adjourned.

In the Senate, the fiscal bank bill was taken up, and has been under debate during the day. There was a caucus upon the subject last evening, but what the fate of the measure is to be I know not.

General News.

Murder.—The Danville (Ky.) Rifle says:—A bloody and fatal fight occurred at a house of ill-fame, not far from Lancaster, Girard county, on Monday night week. A quarrel originated between two men, S. Blackaby and Wm. Comely; both parties drew pistols; Mr. Comely advanced on Mr. Blackaby; he was told to "stand back," but continued to advance, and was shot down, the ball passing through his body.. The perpetrator of this murder was pursued by one or two men; he was soon overtaken, and was heard to cry for help, that they were killing him. He was literally hewn to pieces with a large two edged bowie knife. A man named Tatum, who, it is supposed, aided in the murder of Black, has been arrested and committed to jail. Strong circumstantial evidence has been collected, amply sufficient, it is thought, to convict him of the murder.

Arrest of a Murderer.—We learn that a man, calling himself George Henderson, was arrested at Lancaster, on Saturday evening last, while getting a letter out of the Post Office addressed to him in that name. He proves to be one of the Baltimore rowdies who murdered John Bigham, in the streets of the latter city, on the 5th of July, and his real name is Peter McCollum. He is the same individual on whose testimony the alibi chiefly rested, by which Jeff. Griffith escaped conviction on his trial for the murder of Laughlin, during the celebrated procession of the Whig Convention, on the 4th of May, 1840. Griffith and McCollum are now implicated together with others, in the murder of Bigham. McCollum being the sixth, and the last of the parties charged with the same.

The McLeod Case.—There is nothing new in this case, which, we learn, cannot be carried any higher than the Court of Errors. There are many rumors from Washington, but nothing certain has been developed. It is supposed that the pacific relations between the two countries will not, however, be immediately disturbed. The correspondent of the Herald though says:—"The destination of the ship of the line Delaware, Com. Morris, is changed from the Mediterranean to the Brazil station, and a smaller vessel, under Com. Morgan, goes to the Mediterranean in his place. Rumor alleges the reason to be the possibility of a rupture with Great Britain—it being considered safer for so large and important a ship to be in the Atlantic, rather than an inland sea."

A Munificent Legacy.—The late Mr. Barber Beaumont, of London, left £13,000 in his will, "to establish a philosophical institution in Beaumont Square, Mile-end, for the mental and moral improvement of the inhabitants of the said square, and the surrounding neighborhood, in their intervals of business, and freed from the baneful excitement of intoxicating liquors, and also the general cultivation of the principles of practical theology and the wisdom of God, leaving to the different churches and sects the cultivation and pursuit of their peculiar tenets, and also for the purpose of affording them intellectual improvement, and rational recreation and amusement."

Murder in New York.—A man named Peter Kane, crazy from intemperance, on Saturday night last, killed a respectable woman named Mrs. Riley. Kane lived in the same house with Mrs. Riley and her husband. Mrs. R. hearing one of her children scream, rushed past Kane into the room. As she passed he made a furious pass at her with the blade of a sword cane, which entered the right breast of Mrs. Riley. The unfortunate woman fell, and almost instantly expired in a pool of blood. The murderer was secured and is now lodged in prison.

Poisoned Cream Cakes.—Several families have been recently poisoned at Boston, by cream cakes purchased at a confectionary. The Transcript says:—One gentleman informed us, that himself and the rest of his family, eight in all, were severely afflicted with vomiting and purging, and a dizziness of the head, but in the course of ten or twelve hours they nearly recovered. The confectioner cannot account for the effect. Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist, has taken some of the cakes; and is engaged in analysing them; the result is not yet known.

Large Robbery in New York.—An extensive robbery we learn has been perpetrated in New York, on the firm of Marie & De Copper, No. 59 Wall street, by a person in their employ. The amount taken is $9000, and is of the following notes:—two of five hundred dollars each, American Exchange Bank; four of five hundred each, Phenix Bank; two of five hundred each, Merchants' Bank; three of one thousand each, do. do. ten of one hundred each, Lafayette Bank, two of five hundred each, Commercial Bank.

The Walker.—The man who walked all day, from the corner of Ann street to the Park for a dollar, won his wages. The condition was, that he should walk at the rate of at least five miles an hour; and the first hour, by actual measurement, it was found that he had gone six miles and almost three-quarters. Up to twelve o'clock (five hours) he had finished twenty-seven miles. He commenced again at one, and finished the day's work at six, having walked fifty-one and a half miles in exactly ten hours.

Tornado.—The city of Cincinnati, Ohio, was visited with a heavy tornado on Sunday evening, the 11th inst. Several persons were severely injured by the falling of timber, sign-boards, &c. Most of the beautiful shade trees that lined the streets, were broken off at the trunk. The Times says:—"The storm no doubt, also did some damage to the crops which are not yet harvested. Wheat, barley, rye, and hay, are already cut and secured, but the oats and corn are doubtless bowed to the earth."

Indicted.—The Grand Jury of the New York Sessions have returned several bills of indictment against James G. Bennett, of the New York Herald, for alleged libels published in that paper of the 15th of June last, purporting to be a report of the proceedings in the trial of James Ritchie, on an indictment for receiving stolen coffee. Two of the indictments are for alleged libels on Judges Lynch and Noah conjointly, and one on Judge Noah alone.

An Heroic Mother.—A Mrs. McGee, of Westminster, Vt. hearing her child's screams from a well into which it had fallen, descended into it, though twenty feet deep, and rescued the sufferer who was clinging to a stone of the wall. Such daring and bold achievements, although of rare occurrence, show what a mother will do to save a suffering child.

Accident to the Steamboat Kent.—As the steamboat Kent was about leaving Arch street wharf on Monday morning for Smyrna, Del., a burst occurred in her boiler directly under her flue, about seven inches long. A good deal of alarm prevailed at the time among the passengers. The trip was delayed in order to repair the damages.

Sunday Mails.—The mail between New York and the East, which formerly left on Sunday morning, has been discontinued, and no mail now runs from that city in that direction on Sunday. The Sunday mail, it is said, was of very little value to the people of Boston, as the Southern mail came in too late to forward its contents.

The Forest and the Indian.—"The white man was upon all that is native here," said an old Indian. "Upon the forest and the red man. The one he destroys with the steel, the other with the burning fire of his accursed whiskey. He has made great havoc with us both, and we shall pass away together."

Don't Believe It.—The Cincinnati Microscope says that an artist in that city lately painted upon canvass a locomotive steam engine, which, as he gave the finishing stroke, burst through the wall, ran down the street, over the hills, and has not since been heard of!

Poor Emigrants.—At the sheds erected near Montreal for the use of poor emigrants, over 6097 have been received there this season. Over 1400 have arrived within a fortnight, and large quantities of oatmeal have been distributed among them.

Street Preaching.—The people of Baltimore are resorting to the primitive mode of preaching the gospel. Fourteen different places were announced in the Baltimore papers of Saturday where there would be preaching in the street on the Sabbath.

Good Wives.—The Factory Girls at Lowell, have often deposited in the Savings Bank of that city, over *one hundred thousand dollars!* What prudent, saving wives they would make.

Charge of Seduction.—The Rev. Mr. Van Zandt, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Rochester, it is stated in McKenzie's Volunteer, has been held to bail in the sum of $3000, on a charge of having seduced a young girl, sixteen years of age. The complaint has been brought by the parents of the child, and is of so scandalous a character to bring against a clergyman, that nothing but the clearest proof should warrant a belief of it. Such proof, if the facts were stated correctly, it seems, can be produced. Mr. Van Zandt is rector of Grace Church, in Rochester, with an amiable wife, and three or four lovely children, some wealth, a comfortable income, and denies all that cannot be proved against him. The vestry have had their pastor under examination, and stopped his preaching, and it is said that the Bishop had arrived to conduct the spiritual investigation.

Manslaughter.—The Village Record mentions a case of manslaughter, which occurred on the 8th inst., at Cochranville, Chester county. In the evening of July 8th, an altercation ensued between Wm. Fleming, farmer and storekeeper, residing near Cochranville, and a man employed by him named Wm. Cooper. Their disagreement originated from a trifling matter in the store. Cooper pushed Mr. Fleming violently against the fence, whereupon the latter seized a piece of lath, and in the act of raising or drawing it Cooper threw a stone, which struck him with great force on the artery immediately back of the ear, when he fell, and, it is supposed, did not breathe afterwards. It is said Cooper proposed to a person present at the time, to open a vein, but he objected; he (Cooper) then ran and brought water, and they tried to revive him. Soon after bringing the water Cooper went off.

Late from Africa.—*Another Outrage by British Cruisers.*—The packet ship Saluda arrived at N. York, on Monday, from Africa, via Rio Janeiro. She brings intelligence of another outrage on the African coast by a British cruiser. The Dutch schooner Argo was fired into by a British armed brig. There was no personal injury, but some of the balls went completely through the schooner. After the attack was made the British did not board the schooner but passed on. A correspondent of the Express says that the British officers do not hesitate to say that no other nation shall trade to Africa but themselves. It is believed on the Coast that the British officers have secret orders to do all in their power to drive the Americans away.

Latest from Jamaica.—The brig Echo, Dyer, arrived at this port on Tuesday, in twenty days from Kingston, Jamaica, with papers to June 26. They contain no political or commercial news of particular importance. Business was dull and matters generally tranquil. Vice Admiral Sir Thomas Harvey, Naval Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West India Stations, died recently at Bermuda. The command devolves upon Commodore Douglass. The Apollo Transport had arrived at Montego Bay, having on board the Head Quarters of the 82d Regiment, and a detachment of the 2d West India. There were several cases of yellow fever on board the Apollo, and since her arrival the surgeon and two men have died.

Execution of the Black Men at St. Louis.—The four black men convicted at St. Louis of arson and murder, suffered the penalty of their crimes, on the 9th inst, by hanging. About fifteen thousand persons were present to witness the disgusting sight. Each of the men addressed the multitude previous to the execution; and as usual on such occasions, piously enjoined them to take a solemn warning from themselves. Warwick never moved after the swinging motion was over. Seward struggled violently for the first few minutes; and Brown gave indications of life for nearly ten minutes; but Madison seemed to die without a pang.

Fires in New Orleans.—At New Orleans, on the 11th inst. three fires occurred—the first and second did but little damage. The third broke out in the soap and tallow chandlery, situated on Levee street, between Estelle and St. Andrew streets, in the adjoining city of Lafayette. Five buildings, two brick and three wooden, were almost entirely destroyed. These were all on Levee street. One corner was occupied by Mr. Williams as a grocery store, and the other as a coffee house by Mr. Doty. Several of the houses were owned by Mr. Williams, who was partially insured.

Riot and Murder in New Orleans.—A riot occurred at the village of Carrollton, on the night of the 11th instant, which ended in the death of Mr. William Truesdale, who was shot, and a severe injury to a Mr. Mason, who was also shot; and an injury equally severe to a Mr. Porter, who was almost beaten to death. The perpetrators are described as Germans, but the cause of the affray, or the provocation which induced the attack, is not mentioned.

Assault by a Slave upon an Officer.—A New Orleans slave, named Hamilton, attacked a constable who attempted to arrest him, on the complaint of his master, and beat the officer over the head with a mallet, severely injuring him. It appears they hang slaves for striking white men, and Hamilton is to be tried for his life.

Conviction of Madame Restell.—The trial of Madame Restell has terminated in her conviction on the third and fourth charges, of administering medicines for an improper and criminal purpose. The evidence went to show that numbers of persons resorted to her for advice. She will probably be sentenced in a few days.

Mail Robbery.—The mail was robbed on the 6th inst. between Augusta and Milledgeville, Ga. by two negroes. Among the packages of letters rifled was that of Augusta of the 6th, containing letters from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, of the 2d June. Of the money abstracted, about $300 have been recovered.

Seasonable Relief.—The citizens of Troy held a public meeting immediately after the disastrous fire at Waterford, and $2000 were at once subscribed to relieve the sufferers. There is enterprise, spirit, kindness and liberality in that beautiful little city, not surpassed by any place of its size in the world.

An Indian's Choice.—Tommy Infant, the Indian arrested in Monroe county for killing his wife, said he did not like to be hung, rather be "shot quick," but would prefer *burning* to either of the other methods of dying! "Build fire," said he, "and me walk into it!"

Confessionals.—The Archbishop of Paris has ordered that the confessionals in the churches be so constructed, that the public may see the priest, while the penitent remains completely invisible.

City News.

A Way to Reclaim Drunkards.—Several members of the Jefferson Society of reformed drinkers have hit upon a very novel expedient to reform such drunkards as have not the moral courage to relinquish the use of ardent liquor themselves. They drag the bloats out of the streets and gutters, and take them to the factory of Mr. George Simpson, in Front street, above Poplar, where they are cleansed and receive medical attention; they are then locked up and employed at shearing sheep skins, affording them, if industrious, a gain of nearly one dollar per day. They are then requested to sign the temperance pledge, with which they generally very willingly comply. In this way some of the most confirmed drunkards have already been reclaimed. Credit is due to Mr. George Christ, who has devoted much of his time and attention to the furtherance of temperance principles.

Dr. Dyott's Estate.—Charles Gibbons, Esq. the Auditor appointed to examine the claims against the estate of Doctor Dyott, has made a report to the District Court, in which he states that the whole of the claims of depositors and note holders amount to $250,000. The notes held by Messrs. Mann and Ridgway are not included among these claims, for certain reasons which we could not learn but may easily guess. Mr. Ridgway holds notes of the Doctor to the amount of $75,000, and Mr. Mann about $30,000,—probably for shaving, as the law calls it, "usury." The Court confirmed the Auditor's report, notwithstanding the opposition of the excluded gentlemen, and if its decision be held good, the creditors of the great "Rag Baron" will get about 10 per cent. of their dues. The excluded note holders have appealed to the Supreme Court.

Colonization Society.—The receipts into the treasury of this Society, from the 20th of January to the 11th July, the present year, amount to $19,751 18, being $6,234 33 more than were received during the same period last year. The African Repository says:—"Should a similar increase be realized for the remainder of the present year, the Board will be able to carry on the ordinary business of the Society, and do much toward the extinguishment of the old debt, if not to cancel it entirely.

Paid.—The United States Bank has paid the July Instalment of the Five Million Loan to Michigan. This is great news for Michigan. There must be some vitality in the old "Monster" yet.

A New Church.

The corner stone of the New Salem Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Lombard and Juniper streets, was laid on Monday afternoon, at half past five o'clock. An appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Bishop Waugh, from Exodus, 15 chap. 2 v. to a very large and deeply attentive congregation assembled on the spot. On the platform, near the Rev. Bishop, were seated a number of ministers, among whom we recognised the Rev. Messrs. J. Smith, Jr. P. E., of the South Philadelphia District, S. Higgins, Pe. E. of the North Philadelphia District, E. Miller, pastor of the Salem M. E. Church, W. A. Wiggins, J. Nicholson, J. Roach, D. Shields, W. H. Elliott, Dr. Mitchell, J. Miller, of Baltimore, and W. J. Gibson, of the Union Presbyterian Church. The whole services were highly appropriate and imposing, and could not but be highly gratifying to the pastor and congregation immediately concerned. The church will front on Lombard street 56 feet, running back 76 feet on Juniper street. The location is a very pleasant one, and, we doubt not, the erection of a new church on that spot will be both an acquisition to the neighborhood and a permanent good to the congregation thus laudably engaged.

Monument to a Fireman.

A monument to the memory of Mark S. Rink, the fireman who was killed a short time since at the fire in Market street above Third, has been recently erected upon an eligible spot in the Monument Cemetery, which lot was generously given by Dr. A. E. Elkinton. It was erected by the Diligent Engine Company, of which the deceased was a member, at a cost of $370, the funds being raised by contributions made exclusively by the members of the Company. The monument is of pure white marble, except the base, which is of blue. Its height is fifteen feet, being four feet at the base. It has a subplinth under the die moulding, the die being two feet at the bottom by 27½ inches at the top, and two feet six inches high. The cap is twenty-seven inches square, by twelve inches thick, and surmounted with an appropriate moulding. Upon it is carved a fireman's coat of arms, a horn and spanner, forming a St. Andrew's cross; the corners being ornamented with representations of fire plugs, hose, water &c. The whole is handsomely ornamented with suitable inscriptions, and upon the horn is engraved the name of the Company—the entire work being elegantly got up in a manner creditable to the Company, as it must be gratifying to the friends of the deceased.

Reading.

The Berks and Schuylkill Journal published at Reading Pa. says:

The hotels of our borough, have for some time past been gradually filling up with strangers, anxious to escape the heat and dust of the large cities. That this should be the case, is not surprising. The only wonder is, that Reading is not a place of more general resort, during the Summer months.

That Reading is the most beautiful inland town in the State, is a fact which cannot be denied. Surrounded with mountains, the scenery in the vicinity, is of the most picturesque character, and the appearance of the borough itself, has never failed to excite the admiration of the visitor. The streets are wide, MacAdamized with a material supplied by nature, and the gentle slope of the ground on which the town is built, tends to keep them clean at all times. Such as value the pure element, will find the water of Reading unsurpassed. The air from the mountains, is cool and salubrious—bringing health and vigor to the invalid.—and every desirable comfort and luxury is here within reach.

Visitors will find in Reading, a number of excellent Hotels, kept by obliging landlords—nor will they, as is too often the case, have reason to complain of *small* attention, and *large* bills. The borough is also easy of access. The cars on the Reading Rail Road, leave Philadelphia daily, at 5 A. M. and 4 P. M. The road is celebrated as one of the best in the Union, the cars are pleasant and commodious—and the route remarkable for its beauty. A more pleasant three hour's ride is not easily found.

We then invite all who are tired of the close streets and heated air of the Metropolis, to gather together their families, (provided they have any) and take up their quarters for a few weeks, in Reading,—and we are confident that they will thank us for suggesting the matter to their attention.

More of the William Brown.

Joseph Stetson, another of the crew of this ill-fated ship, who was in the long-boat, arrived at this port a few days since, says the Boston Post, in the ship Crescent, Captain Ball, from Havre. He states that notwithstanding the various rumors which have been published, condemning the conduct of the mate for throwing the passengers overboard when he did, but few, if any, he is convinced, if placed in the same condition, could have decided with more impartiality. He even goes so far as to say, that had the mate hesitated, his command would not have been waited for; the danger and the only means of relief were too well known to the whole crew to require orders from any quarter in so critical a moment. The mate, in ordering them to lighten the boat, but spoke the sentiments of the whole crew. He unhesitatingly avows that he did his part toward lightening the boat.

William Miller's statement, which was published in the "Post" of the 18th of June, he says, is substantially correct, and just such a one as he, conscientiously, could make himself. He also states that Messer, alias Norton assisted to lighten the boat as well as any one; and pronounces the story about drawing a knife a sheer fabrication, for there were only two knives on board, neither of which was in his possession.

We learn from another source that Captain Ball, of the Crescent, had spoke in the highest terms of Stetson, as an able and experienced seaman, and in every way worthy of confidence and encouragement.

The long boat of the William Brown is now on board the Crescent. Although strong and roomy, she is but poorly qualified to stow forty-two persons, and live, in any sort of any rough weather. It would be well for those who have condemned the mate and crew without a hearing, to go on board the Crescent and look at the long-boat.

Mutiny.

The Boston Post thus describes an incident which occurred on board the U. S. revenue cutter Hamilton, Capt. Sturgis, lying in Boston harbor.

It appears that Captain Sturgis, while issuing an order, was rudely attacked by a tall, raw-boned "foreigner," who seized him by the neck, and made a desperate attempt to bite off one of his ears, and would doubtless have succeeded had not one of the crew dragged the rascal away. He then made an attack upon the sailor, and bit him severely in two or three places. When the captain had recovered, he ordered the drummer to beat to quarters. In a moment all hands were on deck—the great guns and small arms were put in immediate requisition and in a few seconds the officers reported the cutter "all ready for action." In the mean time, the daring mutineer has ascended the main rigging, where placing himself in a commanding position, he dared the whole cutter's crew to their teeth. The first division of boarders, headed by the first lieutenant, ascended the main rigging, and after a desperate struggle, succeeded in hurling the mutineer overboard. Nothing daunted, he sprung into the main channels, and made a desperate effort to regain the deck; but the cool, determined discipline of the cutters crew, under the immediate eye of their commander, rendered the attempt fruitless. Just as he was making a last, determined charge, the gallant captain, sword in hand, met the assailant, and with one tremendous blow, sealed his fate. His skull was smashed to atoms—his body fell overboard, and sank alongside.

This daring fellow was a native of Gibraltar, and was considered a pretty smart chap aloft. He had behaved himself remarkably well up to the fatal morning on which his existence terminated. All in all, he is said to have been a good sort of a fellow for a baboon. The cutter's colors were *not* at half mast.

American Securities in London.

The London correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer says:

"The business in the American securities was firmer after the arrival of the message of the President of the United States; but the arrival of the steamship with intelligence to the 15th has again depressed the business, particularly as the dividends are not to be paid on the Indian Bonds. The shares of the Bank of the United States are not higher than £4, and there is not this afternoon reported to be much inquiry even at that reduced rate. A list is enclosed, but the prices are little more than nominal, though probably it would not be requisite to submit to much lower rates. The whole credit of the American States and the American nation has been for a time overwhelmed by the report of the Investigating Committee of the Bank of the United States, the coarsest language was heard in the city of London, arising out of the accusations contained in that report; and though a few, and those also the most really influential of the holders of American securities, know that an abundant answer has been given by Mr. Biddle to the charges brought against the administration of the Bank of the United States, yet the public at large do not know or cannot comprehend any thing beyond the abuse which is supposed to be now due to all connected with so unprincipled a country, as is that which is implied in the very name of the United States.

The Oldest Republic on Earth.

The American Quarterly Review contains a letter from G. W. Erving, Esq. giving a sketch of his visit to San Marino, a small Republic in Italy, between the Appenines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of this State is only 40 miles in circumference, and its population about 7000. The Republic was founded more than 1400 years ago, on moral principles, industry and equality, and has preserved its liberty and independence amidst all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a Captain Regent, chosen every six months by the Representatives of the People, 66 in number, who are chosen every six months by the People.

The taxes are light, the farm-houses are neat, the fields well-cultivated, and on all sides are seen comfort and peace, the happy effects of morality, simplicity, liberty, and justice. Mr. Erving was received by some intelligent citizens in the most hospitable and affectionate manner; they were delighted with him because he was an American. They professed a profound attachment to our country, and look to it as the preserver of their own pure principles; they were intimately acquainted with our institutions and affairs, and had a library well furnished with books and pamphlets relating to America.

Naval Engagement in the River Plate.

Rio Janeiro papers received, contain Monte Video dates to the 27th of May.

An engagement took place on the 24th, between the Monte Video Squadron, under Commodore Coe, and that of Buenos Ayres, under Admiral Brown. The former consisted of six vessels and the latter of three. Brown, however, had the best artillery, and his vessels were larger, and manned chiefly with seamen, while Coe's were chiefly manned with landsmen. The accounts states that notwithstanding these disadvantages, Coe gallantly sustained his adversary's fire for three hours. He then found it expedient to retire, and arrived at Monte Video without the loss of any of his vessels, which, however, suffered much damage. He had 12 men killed, and 20 wounded, including Lieut. Shannon. Brown had only six or eight men wounded, and his vessel suffered very little damage. They were on the 27th at anchor on Monte Video. Coe was repairing his vessels with all speed, and then intended to try his luck again. The writer is, however, of opinion that he ought not to do so, but should wait for the corvette Vergara, recently purchased, when he would stand some chance of success. He also states that one of Coe's schooners, on the 26th, deserted to the enemy.

Charge of Embezzlement.

A young man, named James Crawford, from Philadelphia, clerk in a store at St. Louis, kept by R. H. Stone, has been arrested on a charge of having embezzled 2060 from his employer. Suspicions were awakened against Crawford, by the disappearance of about $300. Mr. Stone devised several schemes in order to detect Crawford; he marked several bills, and laid them in the money drawer, which were taken away. Stone next gave Crawford a $100 note, asking him to give in change small bills, and Crawford gave him several of the bills marked, which were at once recognised. Mr. Stone examined Crawford's room, and in between the feather bed and mattrass, $2060 were found, among which were several bills recognised as those having been marked. That on Crawford's return he was accused of the crime, and he admitted that he had taken $500 in Illinois scrip, which was not with the amount found in the bed. Crawford was then taken before the Recorder, and, after an examination, was held to bail in the sum of $2000.

The young man, it is stated in the St. Louis papers, is a Philadelphian. This is a mistake, as we understand he is a native of New Jersey, and was formerly in the employment of Wilford, Hall & Co., of this city.

A Counterfeiter.

The Louisville Journal of the 14th, says that counterfeit twenty dollar notes on the Northern Kentucky Bank, are quite numerous. The editor adds,—"The signatures are well done. The impression is paler than the genuine; but it must be noted that some of the genuine are quite pale. The most obvious defect in these is in the smoke of the locomotive engine, and in the lines of the end vignettes. In the genuine the smoke is without distinct lines, while in the counterfeit the lines are very distinct. The ends of the counterfeits, on the other hand, show but indistinctly various lines which are very distinct in the genuine."

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. *Every dollar received by mail*, at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Masters can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 1st to the 21st July.

July 1, received from			
Wm. M. Wheeler,	$6 00	J. J. Coffey,	3 00
A. N. Cassell,	2 00	G. Graham,	2 00
W. B. Woodward,	2 00	S. Frisbie,	2 00
G. Hulme, Jr.	2 00	C. D. Romans,	7 50
F. M. Billings,	2 00	R. J. Sand,	5 00
J. H. Curtis,	2 00	N. Gales,	5 00
J. G. Gibson,	1 00	F. Rawles, Esq.	15 00
July 2			
R. Applegate,	7 50	C. Chester,	2 00
R. Boone,	2 00	T. O. McCleary,	2 00
C. Spillman,	2 00	T. H. Merritt,	1 00
R. J. Swartz, Esq.	10 00	H. Brown,	4 00
A. W. Smith,	2 00	H. T. King,	2 00
E. J. Schwarth,	2 00	O. T. Field,	2 00
E. A. Hall,	2 00	Wm. C. Chapman,	5 00
N. Ladd,	2 00	S. P. Dow,	5 00
J. M. Boyles,	2 00	P. J. Philips,	3 00
A. Boyd,	4 00	J. Donnelly,	3 00
D. Uber,	2 00	O. Herr,	3 00
J. C. Fulse,	2 00	J. M. Laury,	4 00
D. Fritze,	2 00	C. W. Reed,	3 00
W. Leviston,	2 00	W. B. Good,	3 00
J. A. Hill,	4 00	C. H. Roberts,	5 00
July 3.			
S. Bailey,	2 00	P. A. Wilkinson,	5 00
G. R. Johnson,	2 00	W. E. Owen,	5 00
T. Mays,	2 00	A. Knaffe,	2 00
G. W. Kirk,	2 50	W. N. Smith,	2 00
I. E. James, tr. agt	100 00	H. Wheaton,	1 00
B. Shannonhouse,	2 00	C. Russell,	5 00
J. V. Hodges,	3 00	A. Hickey,	3 00
J. Yourt,	5 00	W. R. Thompson,	3 00
A. Peters,	5 00	T. R. Riddle,	3 00
J. Taylor,	2 00	D. McGaurey,	5 00
J. R. Morton, Esq.	10 00	T. R. Mays,	3 00
July 6			
N. Cooper,	2 00	C. Davis,	2 00
J. Rodgers,	2 00	L. Miller,	2 00
Wm. Sharp,	2 00	J. M. Case,	2 00
A. Dickinson,	6 00	T. Harrison,	5 00
G. Charneide,	3 00	W. A. Sheldon, Esq.	15 00
G. Crossley, Esq	11 00	G. G. Claiborne,	2 00
R. Comley,	5 00	J. Stephenson,	2 00
J. D. Schench,	2 00	Wm. Young,	2 00
A. Hill,	2 00	A. Niblow,	4 00
J. Paxton,	4 00	D. Arney,	6 00
J. Black,	2 00	T. S. Caraway,	2 00
J. Barcroft,	2 00	R. C. Carleton, Esq.	20 00
J. Snyder,	4 00	T. P. Jones, Esq.	12 50
Jonah Case,	4 00	M. M. Colder,	2 50
A. Wiley,	6 00	D. A. Gwinn,	3 00
L. Harvie,	1 00	A. Greaves,	5 00
S. S. Phelps, Esq	10 00	W. T. King,	2 00
J. Shaw,	3 00	E. W. Carter, Esq.	25 00
A. Jones,	3 00	T. A. Lane,	3 00
L. A. Moodey,	2 00	R. A. Cleaveland,	5 00
J. Weaver,	2 00	T. K. Reeves, Esq	30 00
W. Boynton,	1 00	T. E. Caughman,	2 50
S. Fuller,	2 00	N. J. Martin,	5 00
G. A. Lapham,	1 00	L. P. Priestly, Esq.	25 00
July 7.			
T. R. Wood,	2 00	T. Francis,	2 00
D. Rorer,	2 00	J. M. Milliken,	5 00
G. Markle,	2 00	A. Ringgold,	3 00
C. Winslow,	2 00	Schall & Bell,	3 00
H. S. Nichols,	1 00	J. R. Turner,	5 00
C. Hawley,	2 00	C. W. Oliver,	3 00
D. McKinlay,	2 00	S. Davis,	3 00
J. R. Weblin, Esq.	10 00	E. Earley,	5 00
P. A. Waldie,	1 00	J. R. Rowley, Esq	25 00
J. Russell,	2 00		
July 8			
J. S. Gibson,	1 00	H. Bartlett,	2 00
Hy. Barr,	3 00	O. P. Bollard,	2 00
F. W. Beckett,	2 00	C. Karch,	4 00
S. Harman,	2 00	M. Leviston,	3 00
S. B. Linnard,	2 00	H. McElrath,	2 00
G. B. Smith,	4 00	H. Carleton,	3 00
W. L. Long,	2 00	S. Clemmons,	5 00
S. Noel,	2 00	A. R. Bird,	3 00
J. C. Case,	6 00	E. J. Marshall,	2 00
J. Pugh,	2 00	G. R. Sayre, Esq	9 00
J. Gray,	3 00	J. Miller,	6 00
W. McNaught,	5 00	B. W. Potts,	3 00
J. C. Knight,	2 00	H. C. Orton,	3 00
July 9.			
H. Kates,	2 00	C. Lively,	2 00
A. Chibb,	2 00	D. Stackhouse,	1 25
J. Earll,	2 00	A. & N. Merritt,	2 00
W. H. Blakeley,	2 00	G. G. Riston,	2 00
J. Brown,	3 00	S. R. Bogue,	3 00
R. Craig,	2 00	L. Bonnell,	3 00
N. B. Knapp, Esq.	10 00	S. Walters,	2 50
July 10.			
W. McGuigan,	2 00	J. Tomlin,	5 00
N. Speakman,	2 00	G. W. Dingman,	5 00
H. N. Bostwick,	4 00	W. E. Lyon,	2 00
J. Jones,	5 00	J. Orlason,	5 00
J. M. Test,	2 00	S. A. Mitchell,	2 00
J. Andrews,	2 00	M. E. Brown,	3 00
A. Rapley,	2 00	P. C. Fay,	9 00
J. Whitehead,	2 00	C. S. Johns,	5 00
R. Potts & Son,	2 00		
July 12.			
A. Billings, agt	20 00	John Laws,	2 00
D. McLaurin,	9 00	M. Duncan,	2 00
J. Davis,	5 00	L. W. Moss,	2 00
J. J. Boynton, Esq	10 00	D. Bond,	2 00
J. Allwin,	2 00	J. O'Conner,	2 00
S. Gaskill,	2 00	H. Mead,	2 00
T. Harper, Esq.	10 00	J. Engleman,	4 00
W. Babb,	4 00	W. F. Quig,	6 75
J. D. Little,	1 00	E. Home,	2 00
W. C. Benjamin,	1 00	J. Holmes,	2 00
J. U. Clark,	5 00	D. Matlack,	2 00
A. B. Jacobs,	2 00	D. McIntire,	2 00
S. Meeker,	2 00	P. Whiteman,	2 00
J. Kelley,	2 00	T. P. Murphy,	5 00
J. Cook,	2 00	S. S. Perry,	2 00
C. C. Wood,	1 00	C. Holland,	5 00
D. Agnew,	2 00	J. Oates,	5 00
J. Sibley,	2 00	L. E. Mason,	3 00
A. Chambers,	2 00	B. J. Crosby,	3 00
W. H. Kille,	2 00	J. C. Hodge,	6 00
M. Taylor,	5 00	G. Byrne,	3 00
W. Wainright,	2 00	F. Kinney,	3 00
E. P. Little,	2 00		
July 13			
F. A. Valpey,	4 50	H. Graves,	2 00
B. H. Frazier,	2 00	D. Anderson,	6 00
Wm. A. Pierce, agt.	100 00	A. H. Fox, Esq	10 00
F. A. Zitzman,	4 00	E. G. Gannett,	5 00
S. A. Cunningham,	1 00	A. J. Waller,	3 00
R. D. Porter,	2 00	J. O. Jones,	3 00
I. Rundel,	3 00	A. J. Gray,	4 00
J. A. Sexton,	2 00		
R. T. Matthews, Esq.	20 00	J. Earll, Jr	8 00
R. T. Gilman,	8 00	L. T. Olney, Esq	25 00
L. A. Wilson, Esq	23 00	W. R. Gilkey,	1 00
G. Kress,	2 00	S. Raines, Esq.	15 00
J. W. Wilson,	2 00	S. Kidrout,	5 00
G. F. J. Joger,	2 00	Wm. R. Walton, Esq.	20 00
C. C. Hutchinson,	1 25	N. Kennon,	2 00
C. C. Curtis, Esq	20 00	N. R. Trice,	4 00
July 14.			
G. McFadden,	3 00	G. W. Daniels, Esq.	15 00
C. Chandler,	5 00	R. Tompkins,	3 00
R. L. Lane, Esq.	25 00	C. A. Newton, Esq.	20 00
R. Vanderbeck,	2 00	M. L. Davenport, Esq	15 00
July 15.			
L. Brown,	2 00	E. L. Putman,	1 00
E. Irwin,	5 00	L. P. Marshall, Esq	15 00
E. A. Wheeler,	2 00	H. Van Ostrand,	4 00
A. Chesbrough,	8 00	J. S. Savage,	6 00
R. C. Camp, Esq.	25 00	H. R. Van Rensselaer,	5 00
W. G. Bruce,	5 00	J. Cohu,	1 00
J. J. M. Lindsay,	2 00	W. Woolner,	8 00
Thos. P. English, Esq.	25 00	S. Harris,	2 00
Jas. P. Hunt, Esq.	17 00	B. Harris,	2 00
E. Morse,	5 00	J. W. Maskill,	2 00
W. A. Sheldon, Esq	10 50	J. Woodnut,	4 00
S. Perry,	4 00	B. Acton,	2 50
W. Blackwell,	5 00	Simon Hawley,	4 00
J. Butt,	2 00	J. Green,	3 00
H. B. Jones, Esq.	12 00	Jos. T. Mann, Esq	20 00
H. J. Taylor, Esq	25 00	H. A. Scott,	5 00
A. Harding,	2 00	J. T. Stone,	5 00
July 16.			
J. M. Davis,	2 00	A. Galt,	2 00
M. Hardin,	1 50	A. B. Smith,	2 00
E. Pattison,	2 00	J. C. Clendenin,	2 00
M. W. Smith,	2 00	E. L. Osgood,	1 00
R. Hill,	2 00	E. P. Champlin,	2 00
W. R. Hagy,	2 00	J. B. Wheeler,	3 00
M. V. Oldham,	3 00	E. J. Connell,	2 00
F. Baines,	4 00	P. G. Little,	3 00
M. H. Higgins,	2 00	C. H. Williams,	5 00
J. D. Downey,	2 00	A. C. Babb, Esq.	10 00
W. H. Paull,	3 00	A. E. Handy,	1 50
July 17.			
R. F. Martin,	2 00	J. H. Middleton,	1 00
J. McBurney,	2 00	C. Kemble,	2 00
E. Redington,	1 00	B. Bassett,	2 00
T. Doolittle,	2 00	Thos. Smith,	2 00
Jas. W. Duvall,	5 00	B. Cox,	2 00
R. Coffman,	6 00	J. B. Leach, Esq.	25 00
L. R. Coleman,	2 00	G. Barns,	5 00
W. Fraser,	2 00	E. D. Allen,	5 00
J. Tombs,	5 00	Saml C. Shaw, Esq.	25 00
W. A. Pierce, agt.	25 00	H. R. Coston,	5 00
N. Jones,	2 00	S. S. Blood,	3 00
Jas. Glascor,	3 00	B. L. Evans, Esq	25 00
B. Pawling,	2 00	L. T. Lindley,	5 00
S. P. Harper,	2 00		
July 19			
A. J. Miller,	2 00	J. Walker,	3 00
W. Kirkpatrick,	5 00	J. Goodhart,	2 00
W. Taylor,	6 00	J. H. Payne,	1 25
D. Johnson,	6 00	R. Bardsall,	3 00
J. Stetzell,	2 00	W. H. Plowden,	6 00
T. B. Patterson,	3 00	F. R. Ely,	7 50
Jas. O. H. Banks,	2 00	J. Godfrey,	2 00
M. Frazer,	2 00	W. Q. White,	7 00
A. Bassett,	2 00	D. P. Watson,	2 00
W. Ogle,	2 00	J. C. Larimore,	5 00
J. Richards,	2 00	A. Custard,	2 00
J. Cochin,	2 00	G. Forest,	2 00
W. Platt,	2 00	T. C. Gant,	2 00
B. Dennison,	2 00	P. Mitchell,	2 00
J. W. Reeve,	2 00	J. E. Hawley,	2 00
R. Ashurst,	2 00	P. Miles,	1 00
J. Magnum,	6 00	S. Sandford,	6 00
W. B. Peters,	2 00	J. W. Arnold,	3 00
S. Lines,	2 00	F. G. Little,	1 50
A. H. McNair,	2 00	J. E. Abbett,	5 00
P. Fritz,	4 00	C. J. Moss, Esq.	10 00
M. Wetherill,	2 00	R. J. Baldwin,	3 00
R. Stevenson,	2 00	S. C. Lamar,	3 00
W. B. Wolf,	2 00	W. E. Lewis,	5 00
R. S. Bertram,	2 00	C. R. Chester,	5 00
W. E. Smith,	1 00	J. R. Clewell,	3 00
M. Tyson,	2 00	F. M. Haywood,	3 00
J. Doolittle,	2 00	T. J. Peterson,	3 00
J. Soffe,	2 00	E. Heaton,	3 00
R. Poale,	3 00	D. S. Patton,	3 00
J. D. Young,	2 00	N. W. Tompkins,	2 00
G. Chandler,	2 00	H. Stewart,	2 00
D. Whitmore, Esq.	20 00	N. R. Toffe,	4 00
H. James,	1 00	W. D. Koop, Esq	10 00
T. Morly,	4 00	N. W. Doldrige,	3 00
J. Hicks,	2 00	G. McFarlan,	8 00
G. D. Beckham,	2 00	W. S. Vail,	2 00
R. Baldwin,	2 00		
July 20			
H. Haynesworth,	6 00	D. A. Jones,	3 00
J. A. Glaze, Esq.	10 00	W. Wolcott,	2 00
C. Marlow,	2 00	C. Candless,	5 00
E. T. Richardson,	5 00	M. T. Strong,	6 00
D. Hollingshead,	2 00	R. J. Tompkins,	3 00
K. Rambo,	1 00	J. G. Camby, Esq.	11 00
J. Cline,	2 00	A. Steel,	3 00
S. Morton,	2 00	M. Manley,	3 00
July 21			
E. F. Eanes,	2 00	E. Fassett,	3 00
T. Davis,	7 00	G. Righter,	6 00
H. J. Wilson,	6 00	Hy. Dall,	1 00
E. Yeomans,	5 00	J. B. Lauer,	2 00
D. Griffith,	5 00	G. W. Carnes,	4 00
W. Wilson,	2 00	E. A. Allen,	5 00
C. M. Wilson,	7 00	J. F. Lord,	3 00
C. P. Merriman,	2 00	W. C. Auner,	3 00
J. Keisley,	4 00	Wm. Crane,	4 50
W. S. Cain,	2 00	S. A. Hall,	3 00
B. Johnson,	1 00	W. H. Janney,	6 00

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb	10a11	Pigs, whole,	$1a$1½
" middling,	6a 8	Pigs' Feet, set,	10a12
" Corned,	7a 9	Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25
Veal,	5a 8	Fresh Tripe, per lb.	4a 6
Mutton,	5a 7	Mince Meat, jar,	$1
Lamb, per qr.	62a87½	Souse Cheese, lb.	9a10
Pork, fresh, per lb	5a 7	Dried Plums, qt.	15a20
" pickled, "	6a 7½	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	7a 8
Hams, Jersey,	11a12½	Blood Pudding,	7a 8
Jowls,	5a 6	Potatoes, old, peck,	12a15
Dried Beef,	11a12½	Do. new, ½ pk	10a12½
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Apples, green, ½ pk	8a12
Butter, lb.	20a25	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Lard, "	10a12½	Pickles, per 100,	25a37
Cheese, "	6a12½	Beets, bunch,	3a 5
Eggs, per doz	15a16	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Fowls, pair,	62a75	Turnips, new, peck,	20a25
Chickens, pair,	37a50	Onions, green, rope,	6a 8
" Live,	31a50	Do. green, bunch,	1a 2
Turkeys,	75a$1½	Smearcase, qt.	5a 6
Pigeons, pair,	20a25	Lima Beans,	11a12
Salmon, pickled, lb.	12a14	Dried Peaches, ½ pk	20a25
" fresh,	20a25	Whortleberries,	10a12½
" dry, lb.	23a25	Cranberries, qt.	10a12½
Flounders, fresh, lb.	6a 7	Dried Apples, ½ pk	16a20
Halibut, per lb.	10a12½	" Pears,	37a44
Black Fish, "	7a 8	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
Porgies, "	7a 8	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	44a50
Perch, string,	10a20	Wheat "	75a81
Rock, lb.	12a20	Walnuts, peck,	25a30
Pickled Cod, "	4a 5	Shellbarks, per qt.	4a 5
Lobsters, live, lb.	10a12½	Hominy, "	8a10
Terrapins, doz.	$3a$4	Horseradish, root,	2a 3
Ducks, pair,	62a81	Honey, per lb.	15a18
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Dried Cherries, qt.	10
Sallad, qr. peck	1a 2	" stoned,	20a25
" head,	1a 2	Grapes, per qt.	3a 4
Gooseberries, per qt.	8a10	Peas, half peck,	10a12½
Dewberries,	8a10	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Raspberries, per box,	8a10	String Beans, ½ pk.	8a10
Cherries, per lb.	4a 6	Cabbage, head,	4a 5
Peaches, qr. peck,	16a18¾	Cucumbers, doz.	5a 6
Pears, ¼ peck,	4a 8	Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5
Green Corn, doz.	20a25	Squashes, each,	1a 2

The markets for the past week have been very fully supplied, and, with the exception of such fruits and vegetables as are going out of season, prices have declined. There is quite a fair supply of Green Corn in market, of good quality, though at rather high prices. Apples, Pears and Peaches are coming in, the two former abundantly, the latter of inferior quality and at a high price. Beef has come down a trifle with most of the butchers, though it is yet, according to the price of stock, held too high. Butter and Eggs have been in market in greater amounts than for some time past, and the prices of both are down a little. Fish, in considerable variety, are plenty, and, as the weather is such as not to permit holders to retain them, they are sold at very moderate rates.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—Sales of about 100 hhds Quercitron, at $30 per ton for first quality.

Cotton—Market quiet and prices steady.

Coffee—Upwards of 2,000 bags middling to fair Laguyra Coffee has been sold on the wharf at 10½ a 10¾ cts per lb, 4 a 6 mos.

Flour and Meal—The Flour market continues exceedingly dull, and prices have slightly declined. Sales of several parcels of fresh ground Penna Flour, for export, at $5.37½; some old stock Brandywine, at $5.50. We quote old stock Penna at $5.25, and quite scarce. Rye Flour—Small sales at $3.25. Corn Meal—Fair sales at $2.75 per bbl for Penna., $13 for common, and $13.50 for extra hhds do.

Grain—But little Wheat arriving. A sale at $1.10½ per bushel on the Schuylkill. Rye—Last sale of Penna. was at 63 cts. Corn—Prices are rather drooping. Sales of round yellow at 66 a 65 cts, flat do. 65 a 64, and white 61½ a 61 cts. Oats—Sales of Southern at 39 a 40 cts. supplies limited.

Provisions—Bacon is steady in price, with sales only in small parcels. Prime Pork has slightly declined—A sale of 100 bbls at $8.50 per bbl. Lard is steady.

Sugars—There is a better feeling in the market, and prices are fully supported. Sales of over 200 hhds Porto Rico, at a price not made public; 100 boxes brown Trinidad at 7¼ cts per lb.

Teas—The late foreign news has stiffened the views of the holders, but we hear of no sales.

Whiskey—Market inactive at former rates.—*North American.*

PROSPECTUS OF
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK:
Or Magazine of
Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

THERE are many periodical publications, yet one more is wanted. The friends of general Education—the advocates of the diffusion of Useful Knowledge—have long desired to see the commencement of a Monthly Magazine devoted to the instruction and entertainment of

YOUNG PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES;

Conducted with a wide view to their improvement in Literature, Science, and the Conduct of Life, written, not in the colloquial language which is addressed to very young children, but with such attention to the style as shall render it worthy the notice of those who are acquiring the art of Composition or forming their Literary taste; and filled with such various, original, and valuable matter as shall render the volumes when bound up, worthy a place in the Family or School Library.

It is the purpose of the proprietor of

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK

to furnish such a Magazine. He has provided ample means for the accomplishment of his object; and he pledges himself to the friends of liberal and judicious education throughout the U. States that he will produce a work which shall be in every respect worthy of their attention and patronage.

There is a period in the progress from early childhood to maturity, and that by no means a short one, during which the expanding minds of the young are seeking in every direction for Useful Knowledge, as well as Intellectual Entertainment.

Every book, paper or pamphlet which promises either, is eagerly read, and every circle or society of a literary or scientific cast is earnestly sought. During this period the young person is not satisfied with that kind of instruction which is given to mere children. Something more elevated—something nearer the studies and pursuits of active life is required. A friend always at hand who could point out the proper studies to be pursued, the true methods of development in Literature and Science, the best course of Reading, the surest process of Investigation, and most recent authorities in Experimental, and the most learned in Historical research—a friend who could relieve the dryness of abstract truth by a familiar anecdote, narrative or illustration—who could scatter a few roses of literature in the rugged paths of severe science, would indeed be invaluable.

Such a friend not one Youth in a thousand, of either sex can have. There is no tolerable substitute to be found in any book—we might say in any library. It is proposed in some measure to supply the want of such a friend in THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK.

One of the leading objects of the work will be to point out and illustrate by practical examples the proper

METHODS OF SELF INSTRUCTION

in the various departments of Literature and Art, to suggest appropriate departments of study and inquiry, to prescribe courses of Reading, and to indicate the progress which may be made in the Sciences, so far as the limits of the work will allow.

The forms into which the different branches of instruction and entertainment will be thrown, will be regulated by the particular object in view at the time, and the class of readers always addressed.

Essays, Narratives, Anecdotes, Tales, Historical Reminiscences and Sketches Critiques, Descriptive Articles in Geography, Geology, Natural History, Antiquities and Travels, Biographical Notices and Poems will in turn become the vehicles of intellectual development and entertainment. The aid of the Arts of Painting and Engraving will be invoked, and every subject susceptible of graphic illustration will be accompanied by

WELL EXECUTED PICTURES.

Arrangements have been made for receiving, and the publisher is now in the actual receipt of periodical publications of a similar design with that of The Young People's Book, from France, Germany and other parts of the continent of Europe. From these publications, and from the choicest parts of foreign educational literature in its various departments, translations will be made of such articles as will serve to promote the main design of the work—the instruction and entertainment of American youth. The preservation, however, of

A TRULY NATIONAL SPIRIT;

The inculcation of the duties which every American scholar owes to his country, and the exhibition of the capabilities of our Early History, our Traditions, our Customs and Scenery for supplying all the materials of a copious and brilliant literature, will be constant objects of attention, and will form frequent topics of discussion, example, and illustration.

In order to insure the competent execution of each department of the work, the aid of experienced writers, already favorably known to the public has been secured, and the editorial care of the whole is committed to John Frost, A. M. Professor of Belles Lettres of the High School of Philadelphia, whose reputation as a practical teacher, and a writer in the departments of education and polite literature, will form a sufficient guarantee, not only for the elegant and instructive execution of the work, so far as language, style, and embellishment are concerned, but for its elevated moral and intellectual character, and for its invariable direction towards the improvement of its youthful readers in science, literature, and the conduct of life.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOOK

will be published in Monthly Numbers, each to contain 36 pages embellished with numerous Engravings, and neatly done up in an Ornamented Cover. It will be printed on white paper of the first quality, from a new and elegant type, cast expressly for it. The form will be such as to make the volumes when completed a handsome addition to the shelves of the library. The first number will be issued on the first day of September, 1841.

TERMS.

Single subscription,	1 year,	$2 00
Three copies,	1 "	5 00
Six do.	1 "	10 00
Twenty do.	1 "	30 00

School Clubs dealt with on the most liberal terms.

Travelling agents will find this work one well calculated to advance their interests.

A Remittance (postage paid) must always accompany an order for the work. Address MORTON McMICHAEL, No. 57 South Third street, opposite the Girard Bank, Philada.

Editors who copy the above prospectus will be entitled to an exchange with the work. tf

BOARDING at Deal, near Long Branch, N. J.—The subscriber having taken the house formerly occupied by Jacob Curtis, it will be opened the first of July for the accommodation of all those that will favor him with their custom. The pleasantness of the house needs no recommendation. For health and comfort it cannot be surpassed by any on the Sea Board. The subscriber hopes by strict attention, to receive a share of public patronage. SCOTT HERBERT. Deal, June 26, 1841. june 26 6t*

AMERICAN Medical Library, New Series.—Edited by Robley Dunglison, M. D. Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in Jefferson College of Philadelphia, &c. &c.

The first number of the New Series will be published in the course of the month.

Terms—Five dollars a year payable in advance. Address july 10-3t* A. WALDIE, Philada.

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 79 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory. Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1-ly

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colormen, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Pipes, Window Glass, &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. ap 16 ly

ALMANAC.

July, 1841.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
24 Saturday,	4 50	7 10	7 3	
25 Sunday,	4 50	7 10	8 0	d. h. m.
26 Monday,	4 51	7 9	8 40	
27 Tuesday,	4 52	7 8	9 31	
28 Wednesday,	4 53	7 7	10 22	Full 3 1 22
29 Thursday,	4 54	7 6	11 14	Last 11 3 54
30 Friday,	4 55	7 5	12 4	New 19 9 6
31 Saturday,	4 56	7 4	12 53	First 25 2 14

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.	
Eastern,	at 3 & 12 P. M.	Eastern	at 5 A. M. & 4 P. M.
Western,	4 1-2 & 11 1-2 P. M.	Western,	5 A. M. & 10 P. M.
Southern,	5 P. M.	Southern,	5 A. M.

Married,

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Morgan J. Reese, John Springer, to Miss Anna E. Hough, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Coleman, Mr. George Fisher, from Lancaster, Pa. to Miss Biddy Jane Perryman, from Lewistown, Del.

At Grace Church, on Thursday morning, 15th inst. by the Rev. William Suddards, James Cochran, of Chester, Pa. to Sarah Jane, eldest daughter of Thomas Gillespie, of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Washington Landell, to Ellen S. daughter of Wm. A. Lee, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. John Paxon, Mr. T. J. Hoffman, of Lewistown, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Ebenezer McDowell, of this city.

On the 24th ult. at Niles, Michigan, William Lardner, to Julia, daughter of James O. Lewis, Esq.

In this city, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Ramsey, Mr. Abram Miles, to Miss Barbary Ann Marshall, of Pottsville, Pa.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Jacob Jarrais, to Miss Elizabeth Litter, both of Southwark.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. S. Inskip, Mr. Charles P. Morgan, to Miss Catharine Wood, all of this city.

In Trenton, N. J. on the 15th inst. by the Rev. James W. Alexander, of Princeton, Mr. Rossel Austin, to Miss Eliza S. Hayden.

In the Monumental Church, at Richmond, Virginia, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. William Norwood, James Brooks, Esq. of New York, to Mrs. Mary Louisa Randolph, of Wilton.

In Baltimore, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Morgan, Joshua W. Myers, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Ann Wolford, of Baltimore.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Grant, Mr. John Coss, of Cincinnati, to Miss Marian Stull, of this city.

On the 14th inst. by Alderman Binns, William Black, to Martha Reynolds, both of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the same, Joseph Syran, to Sarah Frederick, both of the county of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday morning, 20th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Edward C. Knight, to Ann Maria, daughter of James McGill, of Philadelphia.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. J. M. Douglass, Mr. William M. Slocum, to Miss Hannah Bartle, all of Spring Garden.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Hagany, Mr. Christian Dresher, to Miss Catharine Hayes, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. John McNamee, to Miss Elizabeth S. Carlile, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. G. Higgins, Mr. Martin M. Barney, to Miss Rachel Phillips, both of Philadelphia.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. J. Nicholson, Mr. Geo. Tripner, to Miss Eliza Ann Evans, all of this city.

Died,

Suddenly, on the 15th inst. in the 28th year of his age, James Simpler.

On the 14th inst. Anna Ashmead, daughter of the Rev. C. W. Schaffer, of Harrisburg, Pa.

On the 13th inst. Ann Maria Umberger.

On the 14th inst. Clement English.

At St. Louis, Mo. on the 4th inst. Spencer S. Sproat, former of this city, aged 25 years.

On the 14th inst. in the 60th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams.

On the 13th inst. at the residence of her grandfather, Doctor J. F. Lamb, Frankford, Mary Lamb, aged twelve weeks, infant daughter of James M. Wilcox, Esq. of Charles city, Virginia.

On the 5th inst. at his residence in New Georgia, the Rev. Robert Holman, Pastor of the Presbyterian church, at Wetumpka, Ala. in the 40th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Jacob Apple, in the 55th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. Miss Olivia Councill, in the 60th year of her age.

On the 19th inst. at Newport, R. I. Thomas Stewardson, of this city, in the 80th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. at her residence, Newark, N. J. Jane, relict of the late Stephen Van Cortlandt, aged 80 years.

On the 16th inst. at his residence in East Bradford, Chester county, Joseph Buffington, aged 82 years.

At Munich, the Baroness of Stein-Altenstein, at the age of 101 years. She is presumed to have been the oldest of the German nobility.

On Thursday, 15th inst. Philip C. Donnelly, M. D. one of the Physicians to the Township of Moyamensing, in the 41st year of his age.

On Fifth day afternoon, Mary, widow of the late Amos Stackhouse, aged 78 years.

On the 15th inst. Henry Harmer, infant son of James Casey.

On the 15th inst. in the 80th year of her age, Rebecca Wilson.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Margaretta Darrach, wife of Dr. William Darrach, aged 32 years.

On the 15th inst. at 7 o'clock in the morning, John Taylor, in the 78th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. Henry Cline.

On Friday, the 16th inst. Samuel Arthur, Sr. in the 68th year of his age.

On Saturday morning, 17th instant, Susannah, relict of Daniel Sutter, in the 85th year of her age.

On Friday morning, 16th inst. James Bird, infant son of John Hanna.

On Thursday morning, the 15th instant, Richard Willing, infant son of James Schott, Jr. aged 11 months and 1 day.

On the evening of the 14th inst. Harry, youngest son of Kenry S. Baker, aged 3 years and 11 months.

In Trenton, on Wednesday, 14th inst. Mr. James Moore, aged 43 years.

In Lawrence township, N. J. on the 14th inst. Mr. Nason Kirkpatrick, former of Trenton, N. J.

In Chesterfield, Burlington county, on the 5th inst. Elizabeth Phares, in the 83d year of her age.

At her residence, in Hopewell, Mercer county, N. J. on the 3d inst. Mrs. Leah Moore, consort of Joseph Moore, Esq. aged 60 years.

In New Brunswick, N. J. on the 6th inst. after a brief illness, Mrs. Mary Holcomb, relict of Samuel Holcomb, in the 65th year of her age.

At Cleveland, Ohio, a few days ago, Hon. John W. Willey, President Judge of that Judicial Circuit. He was a native of New Hampshire, but had been a resident of Cleveland since 1821.

On the 11th instant, of cholera infantum, Isaac W. Marple, son of Robert L. and Mary W. Marple, aged 7 months.

At Marcus Hook, Delaware county, Pa. on the 14th inst. Mr. James Marshall.

On the 17th inst. John Blair, aged 39 years, a native of Scotland.

On the evening of the 16th inst. Elizabeth Jones, aged 83 years.

In the 44th year of his age, Joshua B. Tinges.

On the 18th inst. James Roberts, son of James Roberts, Sr.

On the 18th inst. William Carr, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 18th inst. Catharine Geyger Shultz, daughter of Robert and Margaret Shultz, aged 2 weeks and 1 day.

On the 15th inst. James Thomas Durrell, in the 28th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Mr. David Edwards, in the 29th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. near Coles' Church, New Jersey, Sarah Jane, daughter of Joseph S. and Ann Jane Wallens, aged 8 months and 13 days.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Gertrude Truitt, after a protracted illness, in the 52d year of her age.

On Sunday afternoon, 18th inst. William Carson, aged 30 years.

On Monday, 19th inst. Ella Emily, second daughter of A. F. and Elizabeth S. Hinton, aged 3 months and 4 days.

On the 16th inst. at his residence, near Bordentown, N. J. Isaac Thorn, in the 56th year of his age.

In Paris, on the 19th ult. after a short illness, Bartholomew Dentout, of the firm of Dentout & Brothers, of this city.

On the 18th inst. Lendel W. Sasons, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 18th inst. James Graham.

On the 17th inst. of convulsions, Frederick, infant son of Morris H. and Rosa De Young, aged 20 months.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Barbara Hinkel, in the 93d year of her age.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Catharine, wife of Henry Buchanan, in the 33d year of her age.

On the 20th inst. of cholera morbus, Mary Balentine, wife of Mr. John Winley, aged 23 years.

Suddenly, on the 20th instant, George K. infant son of Noble Gilbert.

On the 19th inst. of cholera infantum, Mary Jane Norman, infant daughter of Henry R. and Elizabeth Norman, aged 5 months and 14 days.

Suddenly, on Sunday morning, 18th inst. Louis Bayard, in the 30th year of his age.

In Paris, on the 23d of May, 1841, after a short illness, Mrs. V. M. D'Invilliers.

At Chester, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Dr. J. H. Terrill, on Tuesday, 20th inst. Kitty E. Smith, in the 49th year of her age.

Health Office, July 17, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington

From the 10th to the 17th of July.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Anemia,	1	0	Brought over,	27	34
Cancer of Stomach,	1	0	Inflammation of Brain,	1	5
Casualty,	0	1	——Bronchi,	1	2
Croup,	0	2	——Lungs,	2	1
Congestion of Lungs,	0	1	——Stomach,	0	1
——Brain,	1	0	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	10	2	——Bowels,	1	4
Convulsions,	1	9	——Liver,	1	0
Cancrum Oris,	0	1	——Larynx,	0	1
Diarrhea,	1	4	——Peritoneum,	0	1
Dropsy,	2	1	Intemperance,	1	0
——Head,	0	3	Intestinal Irritation,	0	1
——Heart,	1	0	Jaundice,	0	1
Disease of Lungs,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	4
——Bowels,	1	1	Measles,	0	2
Drowned,	1	0	Neglect,	0	1
Dysentery,	1	7	Old Age,	2	0
Debility,	0	2	Pleurisy,	2	0
Drinking cold water,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	1
Epilepsy,	1	0	Small Pox,	1	1
Fever,	0	1	Still Born,	0	3
——Bilious,	1	0	Suicide,	2	0
——Typhus,	1	0	Summer Complaint,	0	34
Hernia,	1	0	Unknown,	1	1
Carried over,	27	34	Total, 141—	42	99

Of the above there were 6 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 22 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July 11,	70	75	78
12,	72	74	77
13,	73	79	83
14,	79	82	85
15,	80	83	85
16,	77	79	80
17,	73	76	77

STAMMERING CURED,
AND INSTRUCTION GIVEN IN ELOCUTION.

DR. COMSTOCK'S Vocal Gymnasium is open from the first of September till the last of June—July and August being vacation months. All desirous of instruction, either for the cure of *Stammering, Lisping or Defective Articulation*, or for improvement in *Elocution*, may learn the conditions of

ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.
No. 100 Mulberry (Arch) street, Philadelphia.

☞ *Dr. Comstock's Remarks on Stammering*, certificates of cures, and the numerous recommendations which he has obtained of his *System of Vocal Gymnastics*, are appended to his Circular, which shall be sent to any one who may wish to know more upon the subject of his institution. Satisfactory references will be given in the principal cities throughout the Union. july 10-3m*

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

To the Dead.

BY J. C. BRAINARD.

The exquisite beauty of the following lines is not surpassed by any thing in the world.

How many now are dead to me
Who live to others yet!
How many are alive to me
Who crumble in the dust, nor are
That sick'ning, sinking look which we
Till dead can ne'er forget.

Beyond the blue seas, far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison—far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never hope nor comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me,
Though months and years have pass'd
In a lone hour, his sight to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee,
And then his form and face I see,
As when I saw him last.

And one with a bright lip, and cheek,
And eye, is dead to me.
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek!
His lip was cold—it would not speak,
His heart was dead, for it did not break,
And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb,
And for the dead the smile;
Engrave oblivion on the tomb
Of pulseless life and deadly bloom—
Dim is such glare—but bright the gloom
Around thy funeral pile.

Complimentary Cards.

There was once a time when a compliment from the passengers on board a vessel to its Commander, had a meaning; for the reason that it was called out only by some extraordinary occasion. Of latter years, however, the ferry boats are hardly permitted to cross the rivers without the presentation of a tin coffee pot to the master, by the passengers. As to resolutions, and thanks, and that sort of game, the thing is endless; and the style of such documents is uniform in ridiculous adulation. If people will pass compliments—mere compliments, it is all well enough, but such things should not be so often foisted upon the public through the press. We might say more—but can do better by copying the following from the Boston Courier. It is a good hit.—*N. Y. Tattler.*

Having returned to Boston, after a long and perilous journey to Roxbury, I think it my duty, as an act of justice to the accomplished driver of the Omnibus, and as an enduring monument of the gratitude and liberality of the passengers, to send you the following record:—

Omnibus, Norfolk House, May 5, 1841.

To Joseph Crack, Esq., Driver of Omnibus No. 90:

Dear sir—The undersigned, a committee of the passengers on board Omnibus No. 90, on her passage from Court street, in the city of Boston, to the Norfolk House in Roxbury, beg leave respectfully to express to you their unfeigned thanks for your unwearied and unremitting attention to their comfort and convenience during the pleasant, though somewhat perilous passage, which, under your auspices, has so happily terminated. The committee were instructed to bear testimony to the uncommon skill with which you avoided all collision with the numerous vehicles that it was our good or ill fortune to encounter on the way, and they unanimously affirm that the unfortunate shock we experienced by striking a rock not laid down in the charts, was not owing to any want of care or foresight on the part of the commander. The committee would also do injustice to their own hearts if they did not avail themselves of this occasion to present, through you, their grateful thanks to the intelligent lad who gave the signals for starting and stopping with such precision that no life or limb was endangered during the difficult and delicate acts of introgression and departure. But more especially would the committee, in behalf of their constituents, beg leave to offer, through you, sir, to the Company whose able instrument you are, their undissembled and irrepressible gratitude for the zeal and patriotism, and disinterested benevolence they have so illustriously exhibited in the establishment of this noble line of Omnibuses, for the exclusive benefit and convenience of the public.

Allow us to add our private wishes for your continued success in the important enterprise you have so happily commenced, and to express a hope that it may be our good fortune again to meet you on the route which has been to you the path of glory.

With sentiments of unmitigated respect, we are your grateful and devoted friends and servants.

John Piper, Simon Puffer, Moses Stuffer, } Committee.

To the above just and heartfelt tribute to modest worth, the Committee received the following appropriate reply:

To the honorable John Piper, Simon Puffer and Moses Stuffer, Esquires, Committee of the passengers on board Omnibus No. 90, on her late passage from Court street, Boston, to the Norfolk House in Roxbury.

Respected Gentlemen.—I have received with sentiments, which it would be presumption in me to undertake to describe, the very flattering testimony to my fidelity and skill in the important department of the vehicle which it has been my good fortune to fill to your acceptance. Be assured gentlemen, that all my success was due to the unequalled forbearance of the passengers, and to the imperturbable coolness and equanimity with which they endured the "Shocks that flesh is heir to." My own duty was rendered light by the considerate conduct of those whose lives for a while were entrusted to my care; and be assured, gentlemen, that the approbation of my conduct which you have so elegantly and so generously expressed, will not cease to animate. It will give me pleasure to convey your kind expressions of approbation to the intelligent youth whom it is my happiness to employ, and to the company whom I have the honor to serve, and whose disinterested enterprise will no doubt receive a new impulse from this valuable expression of your approbation.

With sentiments of deep respect and gratitude I am, gentlemen, your devoted servant.

Joseph Crack.

Russian Intolerance.

Russia is intolerant in Education. Her aim is to extinguish all nationalities, and to resist every species of intellectual improvement not conveyed in a form itself Russian. All who publish or read books in foreign languages, especially in Polish, are looked upon with a suspicious eye; at the public schools such an offence is even visited with corporeal punishment. It has already been shown that the Russians do not hesitate to distort, or altogether falsify historical facts, for the purpose of calumniating other religions and nations. The children of these very nations, against whom their calumnies are aimed, are taught history from the works containing them. To his instructions in the faith of the established church of Russia, which is mostly taught in the schools, no priest ever thinks it necessary to add the precepts of Christian morality. Submission and reverence to the Emperor, the regular payment of taxes, the duty of being ready to shed the last drop of blood for him are all that is inculcated; and all who have been educated in these principles are excluded from public offices. The first question addressed to candidates for office is, whether they are Poles or Catholics.—the Emperor's ministers having received a general injunction not to promote such. By a recent ukase, no Pole can serve in the imperial guard, or even be appointed surgeon to that corps. Those who previously belonged to it were sent into regiments of the line. Even the subordinate office of a clerk is shut against them, till they shall have served at least five years in the interior. A Catholic is not allowed to farm a crown estate, even though the peasantry upon it be Catholic, still less where the peasantry are Greek; and it is with no small difficulty that a Pole can even obtain a passport to St. Petersburg. With the privileges enjoyed by Russian orthodoxy and Russian nationality, to the prejudice of all other, the former must necessarily grow daily in power and extent, whilst the latter proportionally contracts within narrower limits.

The Misses.

Miss Demeanor is said to be of, at least, doubtful character. It is not the best to form any acquaintance with her.

Miss Cellany is a very intelligent and interesting lady, and is much in favor with editors and publishers. She is frequently noticed in the newspapers.

Miss Anthropy is a peevish old spinster; and although she is exceedingly modest and reserved we should not recommend her acquaintance.

Miss Trust is of a jealous disposition, and withal rather troublesome.

Miss Construction is much in favor with sectarians; is of a serious, moral deportment, and is supposed to be well disposed.

Miss Fortune, although honest and amiable, is much dreaded and shunned by all. She is rather wayward, however, and often intrudes in company where she is not welcome.

Miss Nomer often renders important aid to the legal profession, and her company is often sought by gentlemen of the law.

Miss Rule is a great politicianess, and on several occasions has presided in the halls of legislation.

Miss Lotor is a poor dependent person, and although in good health, is always supported by some near wealthy neighbor.

Miss Trom, ah, that is the lady of literary notoriety, and highly in favor with all classes, and especially with the juvenile portion of the community.

From the Dublin University Magazine for July.

Micky Free's Despatches.

As I had trusted my servant Micky Free, to despatch my account of the last engagement to the commanding officer, I began to reflect, that the Irishman might possibly blunder as usual, and as if to end all conjecture a voice roused me from my reverie.

"Captain O'Malley," said a mounted dragoon to the advanced sentry at the bottom of the little hill upon which I was standing; "despatches from head quarters, sir," said he, delivering into my hands a large sealed packet from the adjutant-general's office. While he proceeded to search for another letter of which he was the bearer, I broke the seal and read as follows:

Sir,—On the receipt of this order you are directed, having previously resigned your command to the officer next in seniority, to repair to head quarters at Fuentes D'Onoro, there to report yourself under arrest.

"I have the honor to be
"Your obedient servant,
"George Hopeton,
"Military Secretary."

What the devil can this mean? said I to myself as I read the lines over again and again. What have I done lately, or what have I left undone to involve me in this scrape? Ah! thought I, to be sure it can be nothing else. Lord Wellington did recognise me that unlucky morning, and has determined not to let me pass unpunished. How unfortunate! scarcely twenty-four hours have elapsed since fortune seemed to smile upon me from every side, and how the very destiny I most dreaded stares me fully in the face. A reprimand, or the sentence of a court-martial, I shrunk from with a coward's fear: it mattered comparatively little from what source arising, the inquiry to my pride as a man and my spirit as a soldier, would be almost the same.

"This is the letter, sir," said the orderly, presenting me with a packet, the address of which was in Power's handwriting. Eagerly tearing it open, I sought for something which might explain my unhappy position. It bore the same date as the official letter, and ran thus:

"My Dear Charley,

"I joined yesterday, just in time to enjoy the heartiest laugh I have had since our meeting. If notoriety can gratify you, by Jove you have it; for Charles O'Malley and his man Mickey Free are by-words in every mess from Villa Formosa to the rear guard. As it's only fair you should participate a little in the fun you've originated, let me explain the cause. Your inimitable man Mike, to whom it appears you intrusted the report of killed and wounded for the adjutant-general, having just at that moment accomplished a letter to his friends at home, substituted his correspondence for your returns, and doubtless sent the list of the casualties as very interesting information to his sweetheart in Ireland. If such be the case, I hope and trust she has taken the blunder in better part than old Colborn, who swears he'll bring you to a court-martial, under heaven knows what charges. In fact, his passion has known no bounds since the event; and a fit of jaundice has given his face a kind of neutral tint between green and yellow, like nothing I know of except the facings of the "dirty half hundred."

"As Mr. Free's letter may be as great a curiosity to you, as it has been to us, I enclose you a copy of it, which Hopeton obtained for me. It certainly places the estimable Mike in a strong light as a despatch-writer.—The occasional interruption to the current of the letter, you will perceive, arises from Mike having used the pen of a comrade, writing being, doubtless, an accomplishment forgotten in the haste of preparing Mr. Free for the world; and the amanuensis has, in more than one instance, committed to paper more than was meant by the author:

"'Mrs. M'Gra:—Tear and ages, sure I need not be treating her that way. Now just say, Mrs. Mary—ay, that'll do—Mrs. Mary, it's maybe surprised that you'll be to be reading a letter from your humble servant, sitting on the top of the Alps. Arrah, maybe it's not the Alps; but sure she'll never know—forninst the whole French army, with Bony himself and all his jinnerals—God be between us and harm—ready to murther every mother's son of us, as they was able, Molly darlin'; but, with the blessing of Providence, and Lord Wellington, and Misther Charles, we'll bate them yet, as we bate them afore.

"'My lips is wathering at the thought o' the plunder. I often think of Tim Riley, that was hanged for sheep-stealing; he'd be worth his weight in gold here.

"'Misther Charles is now Captain—devil a less—and myself might be somethin' that same, but ye see I was always of a bashful nature, and recommended the masther in my place. He's mighty young, Mr. Charles is, says my Lord Wellington to me—he's mighty young, Mr. Free. 'He is, my lord,' says I; 'he's young, as you observe, but he's young, as you observe, but he's as much divilment in him as many that might be his father.' 'That's somethin', Mr. Free,' says my lord; 'ye say he comes of a good stock.' 'The rale sort, my lord,' says I; 'an ould, ancient family, that's spent every sixpence they had in treating their neighbors. My father lived near them for years'—you see, Molly, I said that to season the discourse. 'We'll make him a captain,' says my lord; 'but, Mr. Free, could we do nothing for you?' 'Nothing, at present, my lord. When my friends comes into power,' says I, 'they'll think of me. There's many a little thing to give away in Ireland, and they often find it mighty hard to find a man for Lord Lieutenant; and if that same, or a tide-waiter's place was vacant'——'Just tell me,' says my lord. 'It's what I'll do,' says I. And now, wishing you happy dreams, I'll take my leave.' Just so, Molly, it's hand and glove we are. A pleasant face, agreeable manners, seasoned with natural modesty, and a good pair of legs, them's the gifts to push a man's way in the world. And even with the ladies—but sure I'm forgetting, my mother was proposed for, and your humble servant, too, by two illigant creatures in Lisbon; but it wouldn't do Molly—it's higher nor that we'll be looking—rale princess, the devil a less. Tell Kitty Hannigan, I hope she's well; she was a deserving young woman in her situation in life. Shusy Dogherty, at the cross-roads, if I don't forget the name—was a good-looking slip too, give her my affectionate salutations, as we say in the Portuguese. I hope I'll be able to bear the inclementuous nature of your climate, when I go back; but I can't expect to stay long, for Lord Wellington can't get along without me. We play duets on the guitar together every evening.—The masther is shouting for a blanket, so no more at present from Your very affectionate friend,

"Mickey Free."

"'P. S.—I don't write this myself, for the Spanish tongue puts me out o' the habit of English. Tell Father Rush, if he'd study the Portuguese, I'd use my interest for him with the Bishop of Toledo. It's a country he'd like—no regular stations, but promiscuous eating and drinking, and as pretty girls as ever confessed their sins.'

"My poor Charley, I think I'm looking at you. I think I can see the struggle between indignation and laughter, which every line of this letter inflicts upon you. Get back as quickly as you can, and we'll try if Crawford won't pull you through the business. In any case, expect no sympathy, and if you feel disposed to be angry with all who laugh at you, you had better publish a challenge in the next General Order. George Scott, of the Greys, bids me say, that if you're hard-up for cash, he'll give you a couple of hundred for Mickey Free. I told him, I thought you'd accept it, as your uncle has the breed of those fellows upon his estate, and might have no objection to weed his stud. Hammersley's gone back with the Dashwoods; but I don't think you need fear any thing in that quarter. At the same time, if you wish for success, make a bold push for the peerage, and half-a-dozen decorations, for Miss Lucy is decidedly gone wild about military decorations. As for me, my affairs go on well; I've had half-a-dozen quarrels with Inez, but we parted good friends, and my bad Portuguese has got me out of all difficulties with papa, who pressed me tolerable close as to fortune. I shall want your assistance in this matter yet. If parchments would satisfy him, I think I could get up a qualification; but somehow the matter must be done, for I'm resolved to have his daughter.

"The orderly is starting, so no more till we meet.

"Yours ever, Fred. Power."

"Godwin," said I, as I closed the letter, "I find myself in a scrape at head-quarters: you are to take the command of the detachment, for I must set out at once."

"Nothing serious, I hope, O'Malley."

"Oh no, nothing of consequence. A most absurd blunder of my rascally servant."

"The Irish fellow, yonder?"

"The same."

"He seems to take it easily, however."

"Oh, confound him! he does not know what trouble he has involved me in; not that he'll care much when he does."

"Why, he does not seem to be of a very desponding temperament. Listen to the fellow! I'll be hanged if he's not singing!"

"I'm devilishly disposed to spoil his mirth. They tell me, however, he always keeps the troop in good humor; and see, the fellows are actually cleaning his horses for him, while he is sitting on the bank."

"Faith, O'Malley, that fellow knows the world. Just hear him."

Mr. Free was, as Godwin described, most leisurely reposing on a bank, a mug of something drinkable beside him, and a pipe of that curtailed proportion which an Irishman loves, held daintily between his fingers. He appeared to be giving his directions to some soldiers of the troop, who were actually cleaning his horses and accoutrements for him.

"That's it, Jim! Rub 'em down along the hocks; he won't kick; it's only play. Scrub away, honey; that's the devil's own carbine to get clean."

"Well, I say, Mr. Free, are you going to give us that ere song?"

"Yes; I'll be danged if I burnish your sabre if you don't sing."

"Tear and ages! aint I composin' it? As I was Tommy Moore I couldn't be quicker."

"Well, come along, my hearty; let's hear it."

"Oh murther!" said Mike, draining the pot to its last few drops, which he poured pathetically upon the grass before him, and then having emptied the ashes from his pipe, he heaved a deep sigh, as though to say, life had no more pleasures in store for him. A brief pause followed, after which, to the evident delight of his expectant audience, he began the following song, to the popular air of "Paddy O'Carroll:"

"Bad Luck to this Marching."

Air—*Paddy O'Carroll.*

"Bad luck to this marching,
Pipeclaying and starching;
How neat one must be to be killed by the French!
I'm sick of parading,
Through wet and cold wading,
Or standing all night to be shot in the trench.
To the tune of a fife,
They dispose of your life,
You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt.
Now I like Garryowen,
When I hear it at home,
But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt.

"Then though up late and early,
Our pay comes so rarely,
The devil a farthing we've ever to spare;
They say some disaster,
Befel the paymaster;
On my conscience I think that the money's not there.
And, just think, what a blunder,
They won't let us plunder,
While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear;
Though there isn't a village,
But cries 'come and pillage,'
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.

"Like a sailor that's nigh land,
I long for that island
Where even the kisses we steal if we please;
Where it is no disgrace,
If you don't wash your face,
And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.
With no sergeant t' abuse us,
We fight to amuse us,
Sure it's better beat Christians than kick a baboon;
How I'd dance like a fairy,
To see ould Dunleary,
And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon!"

"There's a sweet little bit for you," said Mike, as he concluded; "thrown off as aisy as a game of foot-ball."

"I say, Mr. Free, the Captain's looking for you; he's just received despatches from the camp, and wants his horses."

"In that case, gentlemen, I must take my leave of you—with the more regret, too, that I was thinking of treating you to a supper this evening. You needn't be laughing, it's in earnest I am. Coming, *sir!*—coming!" shouted he in a louder tone, answering some imaginary call, as an excuse for his exit.

When he appeared before me, an air of most business-like alacrity had succeeded to his late appearance, and having taken my orders to get the horses in readiness, he left me at once, and in less than half an hour we were upon the road.

A Song of the Alps.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Though lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,
Though like the lark's its soaring music be,
Thou'lt find ev'n here some mournful note that tells
How near such April joy to weeping dwells.
'Tis 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest steal
Those saddening thoughts we fear, yet love to feel;
And music never half so sweet appears,
As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is gay—
It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,
Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath
Most warms the surface, feels most sad beneath.
The very beam in which the snow-wreath wears
Its gayest smiles is that which wins its tears—
And passion's power can never lend the glow
Which weakens bliss, without some touch of wo.

A Dull Man's Offer of Marriage.

Of all the matter-of-fact, straight-forward people, Dr. Drinkwater was the most obtuse. In spite of all that was going on, in defiance of looks, and compliments, and hints, the doctor neither saw nor heard any thing extraordinary, and was quite surprised when his neighbors asked information from him upon the match Miss Partington was going to make. It never occurred to his unsuspicious soul that Sir James Langham's sudden visit could be connected with matrimony. "To be sure, Sir James dined there every day, and so on," he told Miss Bates, "but he saw nothing, and thought nothing: if he gave the subject any consideration at all, he supposed it might be one of Miss Louisa's flirtations, but he had no right to say even that."

Yet Sir James Langham's courtship had to effect a powerful event, and carry fire and sword into the doctor's heart. The moment he was completely assured Miss Partington was engaged, and Sir James off to town to complete arrangements for his marriage—that moment changed the aspect of things to Mary and Dr. Drinkwater. He had severe twitches of gout in every limb: his knee grew stiff, his elbows were all pulsation, and his right hand was consigned to its flannel-bag. Miss Bates heard the whole business from Jenkins; his master, he thought, would be a week in his room, for the attack was sharper than usual. Miss Bates had a remark for every one. "A pretty beau to dangle after Miss Vansittart, when he was one day alive, and dead the next."

Dr. Drinkwater came to life again, however, and was "dangling after Miss Vansittart" before Miss Bates was aware of it. He came in two days to his arm-chair close by Mary's work-table, and though he was in my eyes a "sad sober dog" after the discipline of the two previous days, he was to marry an object of powerful interest, and she sat well pleased to listen to that voice which had not soothed her ears for many hours.

I was glad to drive with Miss Partington to Gloucester and dissipate my dulness among the hats and caps in Miss Lovel's show-room. During our drive much was transpiring at home.

Dr. Drinkwater sat in silence for some time, pondering things in his inmost soul. His long meditation struck Mary as something singular.

"You are still poorly, I fear, doctor!"

"I have had a severe attack, Miss Mary, and I feel as if I should be worse shortly."

"Oh, I hope not."

"Any mental agitation is sure to bring on gout, and I have been disturbed lately a good deal."

Mary looked at him in pity. "Nothing, I hope, of consequence; you must not allow yourself to be disturbed: nothing wrong at the Grange, surely, with Jenkins in the midst."

"Is not Miss Partington engaged to Sir James Langham?"

"To be sure; surely, doctor, you found that out the first day Sir James dined here—you who are generally so quick at making discoveries."

Poor Mary! she had made a surprising discovery herself: she had found the doctor's quickness, when no mole could be more blind to what was passing round him.

"Indeed I did not suspect any thing; but he has managed it very quietly, as those things should be managed. He is a very happy man."

"Any one must be happy with dear Anne, she is so kind and good."

"He has no gout to plague her with." Dr. Drinkwater's cheeks became scarlet as the words escaped him.

"Nay, doctor, you don't suppose that had any influence upon Anne. You don't do her the injustice to think a little gout would have altered her sentiments. You don't know Anne, Dr. Drinkwater."

"I should think gout was very disagreeable to ladies," said the doctor, softly approaching his chair somewhat nearer to Mary.

"Not the least," replied Mary, with warmth: "do you think women so lost to pity and kindness as to object to a good man because he has a little gout!—the very reason why he has greater claims upon their affection. No, Dr. Drinkwater, you do injustice to Anne in supposing she would have objected to a little gout in Sir James."

"All ladies may not think with her, Miss Mary," sighed the doctor.

"You are alluding to foolish gadflies," said Mary with increasing warmth, "not to really rational women. Look at Lady Morton; does she ever treat Sir William as if she considered him a nuisance! Are they not laughing always together most good humoredly! A woman of principle never finds a man she loves less agreeable because he cannot hop about like a monkey."

"You would be patient and forbearing with a husband, Miss Mary, should he prove gouty!" This was pronounced in accents of humblest harmony.

"I would not marry if I did not love him, and gout is surely no crime. A man cannot be less upright or worthy because he has attacks of gout. No—that would tell very ill for a woman's affection."

"Then, Miss Mary, will you scorn me if I say I love you, and ask you to—marry—a gouty man?"

The doctor had done his "possible," and sat aghast at his own boldness.

Mary was caught in the trap. She had defended her own position most innocently; what had she to say in reply to the doctor's home question? Mary was not a timid person; your quiet ones have generally a fund of philosophy to assist them in emergencies. Mary was taken by surprise, it is true, but she felt her own sentiments had drawn the proposal. She fairly laughed.

"What makes you think of matrimony so suddenly, Dr. Drinkwater!"

Her playful laugh and gentle tone did not drive her lover to extremity. He colored most deep crimson, but he also smiled.

"I envied Sir James Langham, Miss Mary, and when I saw he had won a wife so quietly, I thought I would try my luck: but I don't think I could have ventured to offer myself, if you had not spoken kindly of gout."

"When did you first think of me, Dr. Drinkwater?"

"Four years ago I wished to have you for my wife, but I thought you would be disgusted, therefore while I was silent I could enjoy your society. I don't know how I came to propose! It was yourself who led me on, Miss Mary."

"For shame, doctor! you have been trifling four years with me, and then assert I propose to you, or something very like it."

"I am sure we will be very comfortable at the Grange," said her lover, "and we have managed it so quietly, not a soul will suspect us."

"Excuse me," replied Mary, smiling. "What do you fancy people have been saying and thinking these two years while you have seated yourself in silence at our fireside?"

"Heaven bless me!" said the doctor, "they must have thought it strange; but Jenkins never said a word to me, and I was sure you would refuse me,—I forgot remarks would occur. Perhaps we shall marry this spring, Mary. How pleasant it is to call you Mary comfortably—Miss Mary was so very precise."

Mary and Dr. Drinkwater sat chatting together like man and wife. After the dreadful words had been spoken, and not received disdainfully, they sat together exactly as they had been long accustomed to sit.

Mary netted, and the doctor talked of the Grange, "and the pleasures of being a Benedict, just to sit comfortably together as they were now doing."

The poor doctor must suffer for his extraordinary success.

Passing Away.

"Passing away," is written in legible characters upon every thing above, around, and below us. The starry canopy of night looks down upon the earth with the same glad smile which it has worn at each returning night, since the dawn of creation, and glitters with the same beauty; but how many of those twinkling gems have left their former state and come down nearer to the earth, to shed their pale light after the sun has withdrawn his warm rays, and how many have taken their sentinel further beyond in the "upper deep!" The seasons are forever going and coming. After Winter has swept over the land, desolating every thing made beautiful and lovely, by the sweet influences of Spring and Summer—spreading nothing but gloom in his course, mild and gentle Spring bursts upon a dreary world, resuscitating to life and beauty all that fell beneath the giant energies of stern old Winter. But, after a few sunny days of pleasure and hope have passed, these bright, captivating, and bewitching scenes are fled, and Summer, with cloudless skies and warm sunbeams, succeeds in turn, ripening to perfection the primitive energies of her fair and lovely predecessor. But scarcely do we participate in these blissful joys, ere change, ever ready to complete the task assigned her, hurries them away, and we are left to mourn their irreparable loss. Anon, brown Autumn follows in the rear, inviting us to taste of her dainties, and share her bounteous store; but ere we reach our hand to welcome her approach, her visage wears a frost-like soberness, which withers all the budding hopes of Spring, and the flowering expectations of Summer.

Nor is the face of the earth exempt from the withering influences of change. Mountains rise from the bed of the ocean, and tower toward heaven, as though they were placed there by the hand of the Almighty at the creation—mighty rivers change their currents, and the fathomless deep her bed—hills and rocks are reduced to chaos, and the place where they once stood the eternal monuments of creative wisdom, knows them no more forever—huge caverns yawn, and cities and towns are swallowed up in the gap of the earthquake—and vast portions of matter are thrown from the bed of slumbering stillness, by the burning volcano!

Nations, thrones, and kingdoms have advanced from a state of insignificance, to that of power and affluence, have flourished for a time in boasted pride and honor, have passed away, and are numbered with the things that once were, but now are not. Others have risen upon their ruins, have been distinguished for power, but their memory too is now erased from the chronicles of history. Some have been struck from existence as a righteous reward for their wickedness, while others have gradually mouldered to decay, and time's effacing fingers have so far obliterated the few remaining fragments of their departed glory, that not a vestige is now left to tell us the sad tale that they *were* but are now no more. Those renowned cities of oriental climes, once the pride of the world, admired for the inimitable beauty and splendor of their architecture, are now lying a congregation of magnificent mouldering ruins. The gorgeous palace is shorn of its decorations—the lofty edifice is bowed to the dust—the magnificent temple is deserted and echoes with the midnight hootings of the owl, the voice of desolation:

"Time, time, his with'ring hand hath laid,
On battlement and tower,
And where rich banners were displayed"

The moss clusters in dense wreaths, the ivy climbs, and the wall-flower blooms, like a faint ray of sunshine darting amid the gloom of a thunder cloud. All

Helmet, spear, and lance are gone
To augment the dust we tread upon,
For where the beauty, strength or pride
That one time's with'ring touch defied?

They all remain ruins fit only to satiate the curiosity of the romantic traveller, to furnish a subject for the pen of the poet, and a prospect for the painter's pencil.

And while thrones and empires have passed and will continue to pass as long as time casts a shadow upon humanity, man has changed; he has either degenerated from virtue, knowledge, civilization and consequent happiness, to wickedness, dark ignorance and savage barbarity, or progressed from insignificance and nonentity to power and glory.

Human life, how unstable, evanescent and fleeting, like the transient meteor that flits athwart the midnight heavens, seen but a moment ere it is gone, leaving no wreck behind.

"Like as the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagle's are,
Or as the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or bubbles which on water stood
E'en such is man."

Earth's flowers bloom awhile
With fragrance in their breath,
Then fades each rosy smile,
Touched by the frost of death.
The angry tempest's blast
Sweeps o'er their lowly bed,
And autumn's lightning cast
Them with the lovely dead.

Beauty is but a gleam
As transient as 'tis bright,
The place where it is seen
Soon loses its fair light:
The shadows of disease
Come flitting on its way,
The sting of death soon leaves
No trace of beauty's ray.

How short is human life!
How brief is man's career!
A little day of strife—
Its sands are counted here.
How few its triumphs are,
And O how short are they!
Pains every pleasure mar,—
Anon all pass away!

Beauty and all things bright
Have their own guileless day.
There like a gleam of light
Are seen to pass away;
But Mind, that noble thing!
Possessed by man alone,
Is not by death's keen sting
Dashed from its lofty throne!

In embryo on the earth—
To all a mystery here,
Yet God shall give it birth
Beyond this changing sphere—
Now earth its little range—
It can no farther go—
It soon a glorious change—
A higher change shall know!—*Nazarene.*

Utica, N. Y. 1841. Penn

Original Sketches of the West.

THE PASTOR OF CAHOKIA.

"No sculptured marble points to tell
Where sleeps the holy man—
Yet are his works remembered well,
In yon red hunter's land."

Father Antoine is held in dear remembrance at Cahokia to this day, as the meek and holy priest who led the founders of that lonely hamlet through their toilsome pilgrimage, and soothed them in the hour of trial or of danger, with the balm of heavenly love. Civil rulers were appointed over them, but every magistrate confided all authority to him. The sword of justice rested in its scabbard, for the simple crosier of the priest was found sufficient to restrain the arm of wrong or violence. The bold and restless spirit cowered in his presence, while the feeble or desponding heart was nerved with fortitude at his approach. His counsel reassured the strong; his prayers consoled the sick, and to the view of the departing soul, the beams of hope his smile diffused, illumed the dark portals of the grave.

Careless of the fame or honor which the world can give, he was content to bury in the solitude of an unbroken wilderness his name and virtues, unknown and unregarded by the vast majority of men. His life was not devoted solely to countrymen with whom he dwelt; it was his aim to christianize, and thus reclaim the native tribes around. He made himself familiar with the Indian language, visited the red man in his cabin, and conveyed to him the principles of what he deemed a sure and saving faith. At his bidding, chapels were erected in the midst of the native villages; and while he ministered before the altar, the unlettered children of the wilderness assembled round him, as the ancient shepherds of Thessaly are said to have gathered about Apollo, when banished from the skies.

Among the people of his charge was a young orphan girl, whose parents died soon after their arrival in the land of their adoption. This young orphan was the object of his special care. He took upon himself alone the trust of her support and education. Nor were the gushing sympathies of his warm heart misplaced. Gratitude to her protector, deep and earnest gratitude, became with her the all absorbing motive of existence. When he was near, she watched his countenance to learn his wishes and anticipate his wants. When he was absent, all the burden of her anxious heart was but to do his will, and win a kind approving smile on his return. Her prompt attention to the lessons he assigned her, and her rapid progress through the various grades of learning, often drew from him expressions of admiring joy, till his attachment to the true and docile child exceeded, if it could be, even a parent's love. Little did he think so soon to have the strength of his affection tried.

An Indian and a Frenchman had been out in company to hunt, and when the chase was over, some dispute arose about the game. Both became excited, and the Frenchman in an evil moment, yielding to the impulse of his anger, shot the Indian through the heart. Well knowing that the natives would demand for this rash act the forfeit of his life, the offender hastily made his escape. The melancholy tidings soon were heralded abroad, and all Cahokia at once assumed the sadness of despair. Man gazed with anxious and misgiving eye upon his fellow man—the mother clasped the unconscious infant to her heart in breathless terror, and even the fresh, ruddy cheek of the thoughtless youth grew pale. All knew the certainty of savage vengeance, but could rely upon no resource to avert it. On first receiving news of the affray, the pious Father had retired and bowed himself in prayer before the altar of his God. Beside him knelt the tender object of his love and care, and fervently implored the arm of heaven to protect the hamlet for his sake. While thus engaged a crowd broke in on their devotions, and with shrieks exclaimed—"they come—they come—the Indians come—go, meet them, holy Father, go!"

The priest arose, and, pausing only to pronounce a benediction on the child, departed. A mighty host of braves were now advancing, some with torches flaming in the wind, the rest with arrows on the string. The feeble company of villagers might as well have hoped to stay the tempest in its wrath, as to withstand their bold advance. The pious Father in his sacerdotal robes approached them, and the chief came forth to meet him. After a brief and hasty salutation, the frowning warrior thus began—"The blood of a Caspian has been shed; give up the murderer to our hands, or yonder village shall be burnt to ashes, and no living thing in it be spared." "The murderer," replied the priest, "has fled, and we know not whither."—"Then," resumed the chief, with threatening aspect, "let us have the girl that you have trained with so much care; nothing else shall save your people." The pious father heaved a groan that spoke of agony too deep for utterance, and fell upon his knees to ask that other terms might be proposed; but the wrathful chief would not allow another word, and with a bursting heart he rose to return.

As he approached the village, every one pressed near the holy man to inquire what terms the Indians had proposed. "They will spare us," said the priest, "only on the condition that we deliver up what I will never consent to sacrifice—let us prepare to die." On saying this he led the way towards the chapel and beckoned all the rest to follow. Arriving at the door he looked around for the tender object of his care, but she was gone; all eyes were turned to look for her, when they beheld her far away, and hurrying with her utmost speed towards the Indians. The priest gazed wildly for a moment, and then rushing into the chapel, in the anguish of his soul, threw himself upon the floor before the altar. Others watched the movements of the child, and when she reached the braves, a shout was heard from that wild band that shook the chapel walls. A moment after all their arms and torches were thrown down, and the chief advancing, took her by the hand, and led her back, attended by his braves. The priest had risen from the floor, and as he saw the child returning, raised his voice in gratitude to heaven. The chief approached him saying, "holy Father, I restore this noble child, and for her sake will spare your people. C. C.

The Late Rev. Mr. Cookman.

The Washington Intelligencer contains an eloquent notice of the late Mr. Cookman, one of the passengers of the President, from which we make extracts.

The dead are everywhere!
The mountain side, the sea, the woods profound,
All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair—
Is one vast burial-ground!

It was a beautiful Sabbath, toward the close of February last, when, with many others, I repaired to the Hall of Representatives to listen to the Farewell Sermon of the eloquent Cookman. All who were present will recollect his last impressive words—"Perhaps," he said, "it is the last time, my beloved hearers, that I shall ever address you, or that we shall ever meet again upon earth. I go to my native land to receive the blessings of an aged father, and to drop a tear upon the grave of a sainted mother." There was something prophetic, solemn, and deeply affecting in the tones and manner of the preacher. Small in stature and slender in body, he stood like the image of St. Paul before Felix. All who had known him, or who had often listened with rapt attention to the eloquence which gushed from his lips, touched as with a living coal from the altar, were moved to tears, and seemed to feel as if they were taking in reality a last farewell of one who had given new ardor to their piety, and thrown an additional interest into the services of the Sanctuary.

The whole scene was in no ordinary degree grand, imposing, and affecting. The magnificent Hall, a fit temple for the worship of the living God; the crowd that had assembled to hear the last sermon of the Minister whose eloquence they so much admired, with their eyes fixed upon the countenance glowing with feeling, and listening with the profoundest attention to the lessons of piety he inculcated; the noble head of ex-President Adams just below him; the attitude of the preacher, and the solemn and prophetic farewell he uttered, all conspired to excite feelings of the deepest solemnity and of the most intense interest. * * *

Yet who of all that crowd of admiring auditors believed for a moment that in a few short weeks he who then stood before them, in the impressive dignity of an apostle, and with the appearance of one inspired of Heaven, would be buried in one of the "dark, unfathomed caves" of the ocean, there to repose till the last trumpet shall call him before the throne of that great Being whose cause he loved, and to whose service he had long devoted all the energies of a superior intellect! * * *

Mr. Cookman was one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in this country. Many were, perhaps, his superiors in polish and elegance of style, extent of acquirements, and depth of research, but none surpassed him in the power which belongs to the orator of rousing the feelings and passions of the hearer, in the felicity and appropriateness of illustration, the splendor of his rhetorical figures, and the occasional bursts of impassioned eloquence. *

His ordinary tones were low, but distinct; it was only when the feeling or sentiment required it, that he became vehement and loud, and rolled on in a voice of thunder. As a preacher he was very popular wherever he was stationed; and, like Chalmers and Irvin, always drew after him large congregations, and those whom he did not convert he never failed to charm, delight, and edify. He was beloved and admired by all who knew him, both in the pulpit and the social circle. His manner was bland, unassuming and attractive, and his piety free from that austerity and asceticism which characterise some who make divinity their profession. Such was the lamented Cookman as a minister of God and a pulpit orator. He sleeps the long sleep of death in quietude and peace, amid the deep dark waves of the bottomless ocean—no longer to mourn over the vices or to weep for the miseries of mankind. No man could have been better prepared to take the sudden and awful plunge into eternity that he did; to him it was but a transition from a world of sin and wo to one of eternal purity and happiness.

Domestic Economy.

"A place for every thing and every thing in its place," said the patriarch to his daughter. "Select a wife, my son, who will never step over a broomstick." The son was obedient to the lesson. Now, said he, pleasantly, on a gay May-day to one of his companions, I appoint this broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady, who will not step over it, shall have the offer of my hand. They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove;—some stumbled over the broomstick, and others jumped it. At length a young lady stooped, and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled. She became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, industrious, and lovely wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one. It is not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligations. Both were rich, and each enriched the other.

When a wife asks for an expenditure, and comes with the argument, "Mrs. Neighbor *has it*," she cannot be resisted. Few men have sufficient strength of principle to study prudential lessons or do justice under such an appeal. The article is sent for and the creditor put off. But those other words of a prudent wife—"*I can do without it*"—have saved many a husband from doubt, desperation, debt and ruin. There is no greater trial to a man of delicate sentiment than to decline or defer the requests of an endeared wife. Those requests, therefore, ought to be judicious and adapted to the circumstances and ability of the family. A thoughtful lady will naturally feel that great responsibility rests on her in the premises.

A judicious writer has said, there is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family; if there is a leakage in the kitchen or in the parlor, it runs away he knows not how, and that demon waste cries more, like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself—to establish a precedent, nor under any pretence; for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life, to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition should carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children.

This should be her steady aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune, as he can in the work-shop or the counting-room. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend; and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of the many she loves, and she is bound to act for their good and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end to which she should aim—his approbation is her reward. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance—the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account—and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

Thoughts of a Quiet Student.

"Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest
For thee and thine this earth, were all too fair?
How could we thence be weaned to die without despair?"
Mrs. Hemans.

There is one who feels more deeply the love of home and kindred, than the student. When he goes forth from under the eye of those who have watched over his childhood, it is not as some go, to mingle in the noisy world, to toil for gain, to run the race of honor, to form alliances of friendship among the noisy. Such adventurers may, and often do forget the familiar faces of their early homes amid the thousands that press around them, and the heart may lose its fondness and cherish other and less worthy objects. But the student's life is one of quiet and of thought. He follows not in the eager train of mammon; and the voice of fame, if listened to at all, is heard only as a far off murmur that invites him onward, but stirs him not with the fervor of ambition. Thus walking apart from the bustling multitude, he is seldom so much engrossed with the present or charmed by the future, that he may not often revert to the past. He delights to contemplate it, to remember the early time when the fresh earth was all a marvel to his inexperienced eye, the happy period that has no longing for the future, and no care; and closely intermingled with every old familiar scene, with every hour of happiness, are the friends of his childhood. He almost wonders that he ever left them, but there was a voice within which urged him forth to action, and he obeyed. Yet his thoughts are often fixed on that familiar circle, and the hour of return is blessed.

Who has not marked the eager joy that sparkles on the face of many a student at the close of a college term? But who can tell the lively and varied emotions that fill the heart at such a time, and are but poorly expressed upon the countenance. The vision of home, the mother's fond embrace and the father's voice of welcome, are already seen and heard. He bids farewell without regret to his quiet friends, the ancient men of lore, and rejoices to become again a part of the great moving mass, and to give up all his heart to the sweet intercourse with the living and the beloved.

But not the same scene of joy always awaits the returning student. Sorrow, sickness and death will sometimes have crept in and smitten those who should be immortal. There was one who thus returned, after an absence of a year. His heart was buoyant with joy and hope, though he was going to visit the sick-bed of his only parent. Yes, buoyant with hope, for never for one moment had he admitted the fear that his mother would die. She had so long been the centre of his thoughts, the object of his every action, the delighted sharer of his joys and the effectual soother of his sorrows, that he never calculated the possibility of a fatal separation. And now though they told him that for many weeks her life had been wasting under the power of a mortal disease, he scarcely looked to find her changed. With what a sad, though placid smile did his mother welcome him, as he unexpectedly entered the door of his longed-for home. She sat in her easy chair, worn and wasted, and her voice was low and feeble, but it seemed even sweeter than it was wont. And was the student's heart sad at that sight? O, no! He seemed to hold in his own hand the issues of life, and vainly thought that from that home the fatal malady would stay its course. But the ministers of death are inexorable, and with them there is no respect of persons. They went on with their work of desolation despite the offices of affection and the power of art. For many weary days and sleepless nights did the son sit at the bedside of his dying mother, and ever refuse to give up hope. Her voice became a whisper, her eye grew dim and vacant, and at length the awful seal of death was upon her. They laid her in the grave, and with her were buried his highest earthly hopes. Home had ceased to be a charm, and he left it willingly to apply himself again to his books; but not with the same motives and not with equal zeal. But he learned thenceforth to seek for higher motives than are found in the love of any creature, and now goes forth joyfully to his work, calmly trusting that when it is accomplished he shall again meet his departed mother, not as once, in the faded and wayworn apparel of the human habitation, but arrayed in the glorious vesture of immortality.

The Destroyer of Death.

BY DR. CHALMERS.

When we look at the wide extent and universality of the ravages of death, how hopeless is our escape! We see no exception—it scatters its desolations with unsparing regularity among all the sons and daughters of Adam. It perhaps adds to our despair when we see it extending to the lower animals, or behold the lovely forms of the vegetable creation dissolving into nothing. It carries to our observation all the immutability of a general law; we can look for no indignation of the incorrigible distemper; we cannot reverse the process of nature, nor bid her mighty elements to retire. Is there no power, then, superior to nature, and which can control it? To such law of the universe carries the idea of some fixed and unalterable necessity along with it, and of none more strict, more unfailing, and more widely extensive in its operations, than the law of death. In the wide circuit of things does there exist no high authority that can abolish this law; no power that can overthrow death, that can grapple with this mighty conqueror, and break his tyranny to pieces? We never saw that Being, but the records of the past ages have come down to us, and we there read of the extraordinary Visitor who lighted on those realms where death had reigned so long in all the triumphs of extended empire. Wonderful enterprise! He came to destroy death. Vast undertaking! He came to depose nature from this conceived immutability; and a law which embraced within its wide grasp all who live and move on the face of the world, he came to overturn; and he soon gave token of a power commensurate to the mighty undertaking. That nature, to whose operations we are so apt to ascribe some stubborn and invincible necessity, gave way at his coming; she felt his authority through all her elements, and she obeyed it. Wonderful period! when the constancy of nature was broken in upon by him who established it—when the Deity vindicated his honor, and the miracles of a single age, committed to authentic history, gave evidence to all futurity that there is a power above nature and beyond it. What more unchanging than the aspect of the starry heavens—and in what quarter of her dominions does nature maintain a more silent and solemn inflexibility, than in the orbs which roll around us? Yet, at the coming of that mighty Saviour, these heavens broke silence; music was heard from their canopy, and it came from a congregation of living voices, which sung the praises of God, and made them fall in articulate language on human ears. After this, who can call nature unalterable? Jesus Christ has abolished death; he has made perpetual invasion upon nature's constancy, and she never in a single instance resisted the word of his power. "What manner of man is this!" said his disciples, "even the winds and the sea obey him!" Philosophers love to expatiate, and they tell us of the laws of the animal and vegetable kingdom. These laws may prove an impossible barrier to us, but in the hand of the omnipotent Saviour they were nothing; he reversed or supported them at pleasure; he blasted the fig-tree by a single word; and what to us was the basis of high anticipation, he made the subject of his miracles. He restored motion to the palsied, and to crown his triumph over nature and her processes, he restored life to the dead—he laid down his own life, and took it up again. The disciples gave up all for lost when they saw the champion of their hopes made the victim of the very mortality which he promised to destroy. It was like the contest and victory of nature—but was only to make his triumph more complete. He entered

"That undiscovered country from whose borne
No traveller e'er returns"—

But *he* did. He broke asunder the mighty barriers of the grave; he entered and he reanimated that body which expired on the cross; and by that most striking of all testimonies, he has given us to know that he hath fought against the law of death, and hath carried it.

The Modern Epic.

The modern epos is the lineal descendant, if not the immediate offspring, of the Æneid, and like its parent has little affinity with the genuine Homeric lays. The Romans, who neglected their national legends because they had forgotten the language of their forefathers, adopted from a foreign literature its later and feebler forms; and the Alexandrian poets, who were innovators as well as copyists, and introduced sentiment and rhetoric into heroic verse, were easier and more attractive models to a partially corrupt age than Homer or Sophocles. The fame of Virgil was hardly obscured in the darkest periods of barbarism; and it was the first to rise with undiminished and even intenser light, when the floods which had burst over the empire retired or subsided. The guide of Alighieri, the companion and oracle of Petrarca, it is no wonder that he should also become the glass and pattern of the modern Epopeia. But there were other reasons for the preference. An acquaintance with Greek literature is comparatively of modern, a critical discrimination of its character entirely of recent growth. The exiles who fled to Europe at the fall of the Eastern empire, and the scholars who succeeded them, merely transmitted for some generations a few feeble and distant torches, quite unable to pierce the gloom which enveloped Greek erudition. The names of Homer and Demosthenes were repeated with enthusiasm, but the works of Cicero and Virgil were really studied by the learned. Gregory of Nazianzum, it is well known, attempted to Christianize the epic and dramatic arts of Greece; but that language, however pliant to home-born legends, was inflexible to those of exotic growth. In the formation of his composite Tuscan, Dante borrowed freely from the "bello stile" of his Mantuan guide, and the Italian poets in all ages have followed his example, and acknowledged the majesty of Virgil. The Christian sentiments and ideas, that found no proper exponent in the severe and sensuous dialect of Attica, entered readily into Latin idiom gave way to its living descendants, many of its peculiar forms were retained in them. Thus, on the reappearance of the epos, Virgil and Statius were anxiously studied even by those whose genius was luxuriant and inventive; and although their influence neither controlled the fancy nor limited the excursions of Ariosto, it concealed from him the purer sources of epic art. The story of Charlemagne and his Paladins derived its interest from the recollections of chivalry, and from the artificial system of manners which arose from them and still survived in the fifteenth century; but as these recollections died away and the manners became obsolete, the deeds of Orlando and his compeers awakened fewer sympathies. It was the peculiar felicity, or we should more correctly say the exquisite judgment of Tasso, which he displayed in a critical work written in his twenty-first year, to choose a subject that reconciled the popular belief with the most regular forms of the Latin epic. Like Milton's Fall of Man," it was the common property of all Christendom, as the Homeric war of Troy was the common property of all Greece.

Early Rising.

BY LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

Get up, little sister; the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light;
The buds are all opening—the dew's on the flower,
If you shake but a branch, see there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look, under the trees,
How the young fawns are skipping about as they please,
And by all those rings on the water, I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flow'r of the spring;
For the bee never idles, but labors all day,
And thinks, wise little insect, work better than play.

The lark's singing gaily; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring is begun;
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up, for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

Horticulture.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

If the admiration of the beautiful things of nature has a tendency to soften and refine the character, the culture of them has a still more powerful and abiding influence. It takes the form of an affection. The seed which we have sown, the bud which we have nursed, the tree of our planting, and under whose shades we sat with delight, are to us as living and loving friends. In proportion to the care we have bestowed on them, is the warmth of our regard. They are gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness, who causeth the sun to shine, and the dew to distil, who forgets not the tender buried vine amid the snows and ice of winter, but bringeth forth the root long hidden from the eye of man, into vernal splendor, or autumnal fruitage.

The learned among the works of nature are of peculiar value in the present age. The restlessness and din of the rail-road principle which pervades its operations, and the spirit of accumulation which threatens to corrode every generous sensibility, are modified by the sweet friendship of the quiet plants. The toil, the hurry, the speculation, the sudden reverse, which mark our own times, beyond all that have preceded them, render it peculiarly salutary for us to heed the admonition of our Saviour, and take instruction from the lillies of the field, those peaceful denizens of the bounty of heaven.

Horticulture has been pronounced by medical men salutary to health, and to cheerfulness of spirits: and it would seem that theory might be sustained, by the placid and happy countenances of those who use it as a relaxation from the excitement of business or the exhaustion of study. And if he who devotes his leisure to the culture of the works of nature, benefits himself; he who beautifies his garden for the eye of the community is surely a public benefactor. He instils into the bosom of the man of the world, panting with the gold-fever, gentle thoughts; which do good, like a medicine. He cheers the desponding invalid, and makes the eye of the child brighten with a more intense brightness. He furnishes pure aliment for that taste which refines character and multiplies simple pleasures. To those who earn their subsistence by laboring on his grounds, he stands in the light of a benefactor. The kind of industry which he promotes is favorable to simplicity and virtue. With one of the sweetest poets of our mother land, we may say—

"Praise to the sturdy spade,
And patient plough, and the shepherd's simple crook,
And let the light mechanic's tool be hailed
With honor, which encasing by the power
Of long companionship, the laborer's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
From a too busy commerce with the heart."

Love and Gooseberries.

A SENTIMENTAL STORY.

We had a cousin—heigho! she the "anxious mother" of a half a dozen little cousins, now—well, she was in form and feature as far above the concentrated charms of all the novels that ever were or ever will be written, as Amanda Malvina Fitz Allen was superior to Mr. Jerry Sneak. Her voice, it was like the wild warblings of an Æolian harp as it lulls the Zephyrs to their slumbers—her eyes, look not upon the stars, you can't match them there, and the cunning little gipsy had such a way of half-closing the brilliant orbs, veiling their dangerous beams, and then, with a sudden start, flashing their death-dealing rays upon you, that your very heart instantly felt the process of combustion—her brow, shaded with her auburn hair, was like a hand's breadth of white cloud amid the rich lustre of the Southern sunset—her hands were fitted for nothing but to sweep the harp's mellow chords, and to be kissed by a lover—and her feet—oh how we adore a pretty foot!—her feet—Titania, Queen of the fairies, would have given her most beautiful nut-shell chariot, just to have seen that perfect *feature*, we must call it.

Well, we were in a dreadful condition about that cousin—sometimes, we'd call her "cousin," it was delightful to claim relationship with such a perfect creature—and then we could'nt call her cousin, for we had laid a sort of trap, that if she asked as we hoped she would, why we used not that cousinly title—we had a very pretty speech made up to intimate that we desired, when manhood came, to call her by a dearer name. But the provoking little minx never seemed to notice, whether we *cousined* her or not.

She was older than we—and her name was Elegantina!

One day walking in the garden with the fair one, we determined to divulge the yet unspoken tale of affection which surcharged the heart. We were in a beautiful walk, fringed with gooseberry bushes, when, after the most approved fashion of romance, sinking gracefully upon one knee, in burning words, we poured forth the story of our eternal love.

Elegantina calmly listened—we thought we perceived a kind tear dimming her radiant eye—we rose, and stretching out our arms, of course, that she would sink upon and murmur the gentle confession of reciprocated attachment. Reader, she did no such thing.

She serenely turned and pulled a handful of *green* gooseberries, and gravely asked,

"Cousin John, what are these?"

"Gooseberries, my darling Elegantina!" answered cousin John.

"Eat them," she replied, "*goose-berries must be good for your complaint!*"

* * * * * *

Reader, "Cousin John" *made tracks.*

How to get on in the World.

This is what we are all aiming at—it is the great secret which we are all trying to find out. Volumes have been written to tell how it is done, but the condensed substance of the whole is contained in the following paragraph from a late number of Blackwood. The advice is infallible.

"To get on in this world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance you must be stationary—to get up, you must keep down. Following riches is like following wild geese, and you must crawl after both on your belly, the minute you pop up your head off they go whistling down the wind, and you see no more of them. If you havn't the art of *sticking* by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of birds' lime upon your office stool, and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg, and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of scissors; nail yourself against the wall of your place of business, like a weasel on a barn door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or what will be best of all marry an honest poor girl, without a penny, and my life for yours if you don't do business! Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent learning, push enterprise, and such stuff; when they come advisin' you for your good, stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if ever you see them on your side of the street again, skive me and welcome; but to do any good, I tell you over and over again, you *must be a sticker*. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it.

Tall Rye.

The Hagerstown Torch Light boasts of a stock of rye measuring 8 feet, which was taken from a lot adjoining that town. The Frederick Citizen says, in the Mayor's office in that city, there is a stalk of rye measuring 9 feet, taken from a lot adjoining the city. And the Howard Free Press says Mr. Frost of that district has sent the editor a stalk measuring 7 feet 3 inches.

DEAFNESS.—Taylor's Gutta Vegetabile.—An infallible Remedy for Deafness.—[illegible] the application of this valuable remedy to some hundred cases in the [illegible] Dispensary for diseases of the Eye and Ear [illegible] Letters Patent have been obtained by Mr. Taylor, [illegible] English Government, and the sanction it has received from the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris, as well as from the following Medical gentlemen, Mr. Abernethy, Sir Astley Cooper, Drs. [illegible] and other Aurists and Surgeons, inferior to none, in Medical Science, who have used and recommended it.

The fame of the Gutta Vegetabile, throughout France and Germany, caused its speedy introduction into almost every country in Europe, and addresses were presented to Dr. Taylor from all parts, congratulatory of the circumstance. The certainty with which the Gutta Vegetabile was continually applied, can be attested by many thousands. Since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louis Philippe, King of the French, and Leopold, King of the Belgians, conferred on Dr. Taylor the title of Honorary Aurist to their Majesties, as a recompense for the many restored to hearing or otherwise cured by the application of his long tried Gutta Vegetabile.—These proofs of royal favor will, he hopes, be sufficient to encourage all who are afflicted with deafness, arising from any cause, to apply his remedy.

The Gutta Vegetabile (or Infallible Remedy) needs no labored description, such is its worth, and so highly is it valued by those who have experienced its wonderful effects will do more to recommend and insure it the support of the Profession and the Public generally, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor, and by particular request he has published the following extraordinary cases.

Miss S. A. NORTON, of Mile End Road, was many years afflicted with deafness, after trying every thing [illegible] of, and her physician could prescribe, one bottle of Gutta Vegetabile relieved her considerably, and before the third bottle, she was perfectly restored to the sense of hearing.

THOMAS HORNBY, 43 Farringdon street, who was a Lieutenant in the 40 Regiment, was struck deaf on the plains of Waterloo, and had remained so ever since. After the use of one bottle of Gutta Vegetabile, was perfectly cured.

Mrs. GREEN, of Camberwell, who had been fourteen years deprived of the sense of hearing, was quite cured by using six bottles.

To the aged who are most commonly afflicted with deafness, this preparation will indeed prove a blessing, as it has so frequently cured the worst of cases when no hope of recovery had been anticipated or derived from other means.

To those afflicted with deafness arising from cold this preparation must prove invaluable, and will restore them to hearing in nine cases out of ten.

The Gutta Vegetabile is prepared in strict accordance with scientific principles, apart from all Empiricism, and it will be found on trial to carry its own recommendation with it, in the happy effects it produces by restoring those to hearing who have been so unfortunate as to be deprived of that sense for many years.

Caution to the Public.—To prevent being imposed upon look well to the Certificates of the Proprietor and Inventor.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. William Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U. States, to dispose of that valuable Medicine, called TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS, with full power to appoint agents where he may think proper, and as the great demand may induce persons to fabricate the medicine to the injury of the public, I have thought proper to accompany the bill of directions round each bottle with my name signed in my own hand writing, and the more effectually to detect counterfeits, the public will observe the Seal of my agent on the outside of every bottle, to counterfeit which is felony.

Signed at my office, 20 Charles street, Bloomsbury, London, and sold by Dr. William Young, at his Infirmary for disease of the Skin, Eye and Ear, 152 Spruce Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.

N. B. Persons at a distance, can have the Medicine sent to any part of the United States, from Dr. Young, Letters (post paid,) enclosing Five Dollars, answered by return, and the Medicine punctually transmitted to any address. Dec 5—1y

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, or every one his own Physician. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility; with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added,

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Manual and Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—Reporter.

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest urethral disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

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Multorum secreto pudor malos ulcera celat.—Hor.

The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed,

sep 26-1y Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia

ROTTECK'S History of the World, second edition.—This work is designed to fill up a great chasm in one most important department of Literature; to satisfy a want felt, not only by the Student, by the man left to himself for an education, but also, by the intelligent of all classes of society. It will supply the great mass of the public, who are at present almost necessarily in the dark as to the past World and its destinies, with a complete picture of all the great events relating to the World and to man from the earliest dawn of history down to recent times; and we indulge the hope that it will satisfy the universal want of a good General History of the World. We have works, entitled "Histories of the World," or "Universal Histories," it is true; but all of them (we mean those in a small form and such as are within the reach of the generality of readers) are sadly deficient, ill-selected, and worse arranged: they could not, according to the ideas of the author of this work, be considered strictly speaking Universal Histories of the World.

The author of this History is celebrated throughout Europe as a scholar, as a statesman, and as a bold defender of liberty, and this reputation will certainly be an excellent recommendation of his work to the American public. Although born in Germany educated in its far famed halls of learning, and breathing a German atmosphere, he is not a German alone—he is a man whom the World may claim. He is no mystic, full of unintelligible, useless theories; but a man devoted to practicable objects, to the welfare of his race, and to pure Religion and Morality.

His History has been extensively circulated in Europe, in the German, French, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish languages, and is the most popular one, that has ever been published. For, although he may be ranked as the first historian of Europe, he has written, not for a particular class, but for people in general. In fine, his History is equally fitted for the Student, the Merchant, the Farmer, the Mechanic, and the Professional man.

☞ In order to give this valuable work a more extended circulation, and to bring its price within the means of every one, the publisher has determined to issue this second edition in twenty numbers at 25 cents each, payable on delivery. One number will be ready for delivery every two weeks; the first five will contain Ancient History; the second the History of the Middle Ages, the third five will embrace the period from the discovery of America to the French Revolution, and the fourth five from the French Revolution to the present time. Each number will contain from 80 to 100 pages.

C. F. STOLLMEYER, Philadelphia, No. 64 South Fourth street.

☞ Having made arrangements with the publisher of Rotteck's History, we can inform our respective subscribers and agents, as well as the public at large, that we will furnish the above valuable work at the publishers price. Orders will be thankfully received. (june 23 tf) G. R. GRAHAM & Co.

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D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers, or Refrigerators, Filterers, &c. of which there are upward of 300 in successful operation. The price of Refrigerators varies from 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 to 40 dollars. My Refrigerators are made without the use of wood, which in all cases, when used, causes provisions to smell and taste, which ice is used in them for culinary purposes. All persons purchasing Filterers, should see them tried with foul water before buying, as there are some Filterers made at less prices that will purify water for a short time, and then become foul. My Filterers in all cases are warranted to purify the water for the term of two years, and if used properly, may last from eight to ten years.

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JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.
(From the New Yorker.)

Come, all that's bald, and all that's gray,
Come, listen to my ditty,
I wish to tell, without delay,
What brought me to your city.

It is to clothe your naked heads,
With nature's proper covering,
Renew the soil that's almost dead,
Not under wigs be hovering.

My name and fame are outspread wide,
Beyond the distant ocean,
Both France and England, Spain beside,
Have all got in the motion.

A bald head here, would ne'er be found
Throughout this mighty nation,
If we would only till the ground
With this grand preparation.

Your offer'd now both fine and poor,
Although your care be chronic,
A pleasant, sure, and perfect cure
Is DR. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

Prepared and sold at No. 20 SOUTH THIRD street. Price $1 per bottle. april 3m

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unless timely, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing Convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE which will very soon destroy the worms and [illegible] powers of digestion so as to prevent a [illegible] pared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD St. [illegible]

DOES not common sense teach us that EXPECTORATION is the most natural as well as the most effectual agent in arresting and curing PULMONARY DISEASES?

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ASTHMA,

Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Loss of Voice, Dropsy of the Breast and Chest, Rupture of Blood Vessels and Bleeding from Throat and Lungs and

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Persons who wish to purchase [illegible] manufactory, where they [illegible] city, for workmanship, taste and [illegible]

☞ A supply of the best [illegible] Ware, of their own importation [illegible] made expressly to their order. [illegible]

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SILK Worm Eggs, of the [illegible] Silk Worm Eggs of [illegible] lot at No. Market street.

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